Cambria Freeman.

H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

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SHERIFF'S SALES.

NOTICE.—Persons interested in Sheriff's sales will take notice that the practice which has heretofore prevailed of holding Sheriff's sales over till Wednesday of Court is dispensed with, and that now and hereafter, in all sales advertised for Monday of Court week, the property will positively be knocked down on Monday at the hour fixed for the sale.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Venditioni Exponas, Alias Venditioni Exponas* and *Pluries Levari Facias*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the *Court House in Ebensburg*, on **Monday, the 4th day of December next,** at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of John Kunsman, of, in and to a certain piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of G. W. Stalb, Wm. Laverty, and others, containing 110 acres, more or less, about 50 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one story plank house, now in the occupancy of John Kunsman. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Isaac Crawford.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Peter McGough, Esq., of, in and to the following described farm and tract of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, bounded and described as follows: That is to say, the northern one full or equal moiety, or half part, of all that tract of land called "Friendship," situate on the waters of Blacklick, or Conemaugh, in the county of Cambria, (late Bedford county,) State of Pennsylvania, beginning at a sugar tree, thence by vacant land near the foot of the Allegheny mountain, north 20 degrees, east 45 perches, to a maple tree; north 7 degrees, west 22 perches, to a beech tree; thence by vacant land, south 56 degrees, west 33 perches, to a birch tree; south 35 degrees, west 33 perches, to a post, and south 50 degrees, west 122 perches, to a post; thence by an old survey, south 11 deg., east 195 perches, to a birch tree; thence by vacant hills, south 35 degrees, east 120 perches, to a buttonwood, and north 72 degrees, east 85 perches, to the place of beginning; containing four hundred and twenty-nine and a-half (429½) acres and allowance, being the same tract of land which Thos. N. Penrose and Jane his wife, Wm. V. Anderson and Ann P. his wife, Morris L. Hallowell and Hannah his wife, and Norwood Penrose and Josephine his wife, of Philadelphia by their deed bearing date of the 8th day of April A. D. 1851, conveyed to John J. White, Esq., as trustee, etc., and the said John J. White, by his deed of assignment endorsed thereon, bearing date the 2d of December, A. D. 1863, recorded in the office for recording of deeds in and for Cambria county, in Bedford Book, volume 21, page 80, etc., assigned and conveyed to Edward McGlade. Also, one piece or parcel or tract of land situate in Summerhill township, in said county of Cambria, warranted and surveyed in the name of Samuel Blodget, including a piece of land purchased by John Kean from Murray & McConnell, containing four hundred and forty-one (441) acres, be the same more or less, having thereon erected a saw-mill and a frame house, being the same premises purchased by Lewis Cassiday as the property of John Kean, sold and conveyed to the said Lewis Cassiday, by John Roberts, Esq., High Sheriff of Cambria county, by deed poll dated 9th of June, 1858, recorded in the office for recording of deeds in and for the said county of Cambria, in Record Book, volume 16, page 491, and again sold at Sheriff's sale as the property of Lewis Cassiday and conveyed to the said Edward McGlade by Robert P. Linton, Esq., High Sheriff of Cambria county aforesaid, by deed poll acknowledged in the court of common pleas of Cambria county, on the 26th June, 1861, and recorded in the Recorder's office aforesaid, in Record Book volume 15, page 778, etc., and which James Myers, Esq., the High Sheriff of the said county of Cambria, seized and took in execution on a judgment against the said Edward McGlade in favor of Henry Logan, and afterwards, to wit, on 11th December, 1867, by his deed poll, sold and conveyed to the said Peter McGough, and which the said Sheriff also seized in execution on a judgment in favor of Henry Foster against the said Edward McGlade, and sold and conveyed by his deed poll, acknowledged in open court on the 4th of December, 1867, to the said Peter McGough. Also, one other tract of land which Wm. McGough and Mary his wife, and Joseph McGough, by their deed dated 4th December, 1862, situate in Washington township, conveyed to Peter McGough, described as follows: Beginning at a post; thence north 83 degrees, west 72 perches, to a post; thence north 73 degrees, west 184 perches to a post; thence south 70 degrees, east 46 perches, to a post; thence south 23 degrees, east 100 perches, to a spruce; thence south 63 degrees, east 100 perches to a beech; thence south 40 degrees, west 76 perches, to a post; and thence south 12 degrees, west 76 perches, to a post; and thence south 12 degrees, east 167 perches, to the place of beginning—containing one hundred and forty-seven (147) acres, more or less, adjoining lands of John Noel, Sam'l McGough, and others, being the same as described in a deed to John McGough, jr., and Thomas D. McGough, dated 13th June, 1863, being the same land Wm. McGough and others, by their deed dated 4th December, 1842, recorded in Record Book, volume 20, page 537, etc., sold and conveyed to the said Peter McGough, and which is situated in Washington township, as aforesaid, together with the hereditaments and appurtenances. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John J. White, trustee of Thomas V. Penrose and Jane his wife, Wm. V. Anderson and Ann P. his wife, Morris L. Hallowell and Hannah his wife, Nimrod Penrose and Josephine his wife, and Rebecca Penrose.

Also, all the right, title and interest of E. McGlade and P. McGough, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Philip Biter, John Kennedy, and others, containing 153 acres, more or less, about 100 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story log house and frame barn, now in the occupancy of Mrs. John McGough. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Peter Somers.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Peter McGough, of, in and to a certain piece or parcel of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Wm. Russell, Joseph Burgoon, R. B. Westbrook, and others, containing two hundred and fourteen (214) acres, more or less, about twenty acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank dwelling house, a frame stable, and a water saw mill, now in the occupancy of Sylvester McKinzie. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suits of John Kaylor, and Long, Bracken & Co.

Also, all the right, title and interest of James M'Closkey, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the village of St. Augustine, Cambria county, fronting on the Philipsburg road, bounded on the east by land of E. Elliott, on the west by lot of Charles Dillon, and on the north by land of E. Elliott, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story frame house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of George Harbor. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Thomas Adams, jr., and John H. Douglass, Executors of the last will and testament of Thomas Adams, deceased.

Also, all the right, title and interest of George Rutledge, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Wm. Maguire, Lewis Storm, Paul Conrad, and others, containing 90 acres, more or less, about 50 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and a frame barn, now in the occupancy of Peter E. Mulvehill. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of E. & H. Nutter.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Henry Luther, of, in and to a certain piece or parcel of land situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Latterner, Constantine Luther, and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, all cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and part frame and part log barn, now in the occupancy of Henry Luther. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. Leib, for use of Henry Hopple.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Robert Donaldson, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Thos. Connell, dec'd, Jacob Burgoon and others, containing 125 acres, more or less, about 20 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and a frame barn, now in the occupancy of Francis McAtamany. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Sarah Sanford, now for use of James Conrad.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Zephaniah Weakland, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Hiram Fritz, Isaac Weakland, and others, containing 60 acres, more or less, about 15 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house, a frame barn and a small plank stable, now in the occupancy of Zephaniah Weakland. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. Buck & Co.

Also, all the right, title and interest of William Laverty, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, adjoining land of Richard Nagle, Gillingham & Garrison, and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, about 30 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story plank house and a log stable, now in the occupancy of William Laverty. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jacob Garman.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Joseph W. Seese, of, in and to a certain lot of ground situate in Frogtown, Adams township, Cambria county, fronting on the Township Road on the east, adjoining lots of Christian Hare and David Sunbley on the north, land of Lewis Dunmire on the west, and the old State Road on the south, containing about two (2) acres, more or less, about one acre of which is cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and a board stable, not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Josiah Helsel.

Also, all the right, title and interest of James F. Parrish, of, in and to the one undivided half interest in a piece or parcel of land situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Raphael Hite, Simon Owens, and others, containing 80 acres, more or less, about 30 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a log house and a log barn, now in the occupancy of James F. Parrish and Catharine Parrish. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of F. D. Saupp.

W. B. BONACKER, *Sheriff*.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 15, 1871.

RULE ON HEIRS, &c.

CAMBRIA COUNTY, SS:

{L.S.} The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Ann Doyle, (widow,) Edward Doyle, Jas. Doyle, whose residence is unknown, John Doyle, who resides in Youngstown, State of Ohio, Joseph Doyle, who resides in Hannibal, State of Missouri, Michael Doyle, who resides in Gallitzin, Cambria county, Bridget, intermarried with William Tomlinson, and resides in Allegheny township, Cambria county, and Catharine Doyle, a minor having for her guardian Francis Moran, who resides in Allegheny twp., Cambria county, and Mary Ann Doyle, intermarried with John Burk, and resides in Clearfield township, Cambria county, heirs and legal representatives of James Doyle, late of the township of Allegheny, in the county of Cambria, deceased,—*Greeting:*

You and every of you are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court, to be held at Ebensburg, in and for said county, on the **first Monday of December next**, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of James Doyle, deceased, at the appraised valuation put upon it by an Inquest duly awarded by the said Court, and returned by the Sheriff of said county on the 4th day of September, 1871, or show cause why the same should not be sold, to wit: A certain piece or parcel of land situated in the township of Allegheny, county of Cambria, state of Pennsylvania, adjoining lands of Francis Moran, William Tomlinson, Patrick McCullough, John Bradley, Anthony M'Coy, and others, containing 148 acres, 121 perches, and allowance, about 80 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story (part log and part frame) house, a log bank barn, and a two story plank house, valued and appraised at the sum of $28 per acre, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of $4,165.17½. Notice to be given to the heirs residing out of the State by four publications in a newspaper published in the county, and a copy of said paper mailed to their nearest post-office address. And herein fail not.

Witness the Hon. George Taylor, President Judge of our said Court, at Ebensburg, this 6th day of September, A. D. 1871.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Clerk.
Attest—W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff. [nov.11.-4t.

LIST OF CAUSES set down for trial

at a Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Ebensburg, for Cambria county, commencing on *Monday, the 4th day of December*, A. D. 1871:

FIRST WEEK.		
Eastman	*vs.*	Nutter.
Wilson	*vs.*	Pringle.
Lebin & Son	*vs.*	Lintons.
Murphy	*vs.*	Nutter & Noel.
Wm. Slick, sr.	*vs.*	Wingard *et. al.*
Littlefield	*vs.*	Burns *et. al.*
Littlefield	*vs.*	Nagle.
Miller	*vs.*	Gurley.
Miller	*vs.*	Evans.
Parrish	*vs.*	Griffith.
Freithoff	*vs.*	Dunn.
Evans	*vs.*	Jones.
SECOND WEEK.		
Hipps	*vs.*	Vaught.
Crossman	*vs.*	Aaron.
Emergency Br. Co.	*vs.*	Phillips.
Commonwealth	*vs.*	Patterson.
Commonwealth	*vs.*	Patterson.
White's Executor	*vs.*	Piper.
Biffinger, Assignee,	*vs.*	Heuther.
Sanders	*vs.*	Edwards.
Burk, for use	*vs.*	Allison.
M'Connell	*vs.*	Williams *et al.*
Flynn	*vs.*	Swope.
Wike's Executor	*vs.*	Cooper.
Collins	*vs.*	Plunket.
Kunkel	*vs.*	Davis.
Yost's Adm'rs	*vs.*	Williams.
Pfaff	*vs.*	Convery.
Finney & Barrons	*vs.*	Hipps & Lloyd.
M'Kenzie	*vs.*	Doyle.
Zech's Heirs	vs.	Zech *et. al.*
Lloyd	vs.	Somerville.
M'Mullin	vs.	Glass.
Degin	vs.	Glass.
Shorthill	*vs.*	Maizie.
Nutters	vs.	M'Guire.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 6, 1871.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on *Wednesday, the 6th day of December next*, to wit:

The partial account of E. R. Glasgow, Adm'x of James Glasgow, deceased.

The second account of R. R. Davis and John Bennett, Adm'rs of D. J. Davis, late of Cambria township, dec'd. Fund arising from the sale of decedent's real estate.

The first and final account of Alfred C. Gibson, Executor of Mrs. Elizabeth Gibson, late of the borough of Ebensburg, deceased.

The second and final account of Wm. Behe, Adm'r of Edward Burk, late of Washington township, deceased.

The first account of Stephen Stutzman, Administrator of Lewis Cobaugh, late of the borough of Johnstown, deceased.

The first account of James C. Murray, Guardian of John D. O'Connell, minor child of John D. O'Connell, late Major of the U. S. Army.

The second and partial account of F. D. Storm, Administrator of D. T. Storm, late of Washington township, deceased.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 4, 1871.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is hereby given that the following Appraisements of certain personal property of decedents, selected and set apart for the widows of intestates, under the Act of Assembly of 14th April, 1851, have been filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for approval on *Wednesday, the 6th day of December next*, to wit:

Appraisement of the personal property set apart for Mary J. Riffle, widow of Jas. M. Riffle, late of Summitville borough, dec'd—$300.00.

Inventory of the amount, viz: $300, set apart by the appraisers of the personal estate of Balthus Kohler, late of Johnstown, deceased, out of his estate, for the use of his widow and family, $300.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Clerk O. C.
Clerk O. C.'s Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 9, 1871.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.—

Estate of CHRISTIAN SMAY, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Christian Smay, late of Summerhill township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ANN SMAY, Administratrix.
Summerhill Twp., Nov. 11, 1871.-4t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JAMES M. RIFFLE, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of James M. Riffle, late of Summitville borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims are desired to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

WM. H. SECHLER, Administrator.
Ebensburg, Nov. 4, 1871.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of THOMAS H. PORTER, dec'd.

Letters of Administration *de bonis non* on the estate of Thomas H. Porter, late of Washington township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims are requested to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

H. KINKEAD,
Nov. 4.-6t. *Administrator de bonis non.*

[From the Catholic Record for December.]

A LUCKY PRESENTIMENT.

About sixty years ago a remarkable case was tried, at the criminal side, in the county of Cork.

The writer wishes to pledge himself at the outset to the literal authenticity of the narrative, which he heard from the lips of the late eminent queen's counsel, George Bennet, at that time a junior on the Munster circuit, and himself an eye-witness and attentive listner at the trial.

On a fine summer evening, when the rustic hour of supper was approaching, there arrived at the door of a comfortable thatched cabin, of large dimensions, such as the class of persons known in Ireland as "strong farmers" usually inhabit, a stranger, dressed in the then peasant costume, corduroy shorts, frieze coat, caubeen, and brogues, and with a blackthorn stick in his hand. The wayfarer entered with the usual salutation, "God save all here," and asked if this was not Denis Macarthy's house. The women who were in the cabin told him it was, and invited him civilly to sit down, "and take an air of the fire;" and with this invitation he complied, entertaining his new acquaintances the while with such news as he had collected while on his journey.

The man was dark-featured, of middle stature, and of square and powerful build.

In a little while Denis Macarthy, returning from his fields, entered the cabin-door, and the stranger introduced himself as his cousin, Phil Ryan, from Cappaghmore, in the county of Limerick, and told him what had brought him to that distant part of the world. His business was to say certain prayers, over the grave of a common kinsman of both, who had died two or three weeks before, and was buried in the neighboring graveyard.

Macarthy received his cousin, although he had never seen his face before, with the customary cordiality of clanship, and told him that he must sup and sleep in his house that night, and eat his breakfast there before setting out in the morning on his homeward journey.

To all this the stranger consented, and then, as he was unacquainted with the situation of the graveyard, he asked Macarthy, if it was not far off, to show him the way to it and point out the grave of their cousin.

Macarthy readily consented, and, as the potatoes were not quite boiled, it was agreed that they should set out at once, and return in time for supper.

In the south of Ireland simple burial places, probably of immense antiquity, containing no vestige of a sacred building, rudely fenced with a loose stone wall, lichen-stained, and often partly overgrown with ivy, with perhaps two or three hawthorns, and an ancient ash tree growing within them, are frequently to be met with. Possibly these small and solitary inclosures were dedicated to the same funeral uses long before the dawn of Christianity broke upon the island.

A wild and narrow track, perhaps as ancient as the place of sepulture itself, crossing, at a short distance from Macarthy's cabin, the comparatively modern main road, leads over a little rising ground to the burial place, which lies in the lap of a lonely hollow, seldom disturbed by the sound of human tread or voice, or the rattle of cart-wheel.

Macarthy and the stranger walked up the ancient and silent by-road, until they reached the hollow I have mentioned — There, under the shadow of an old twisted thorn tree, a stile crosses the loose wall of the burial ground. At this style they came to a pause.

"Go on," said Macarthy.

"Go you first," replied the stranger.

"Go first yourself," said the farmer, a little peremptorily, making a stand, he did not know why, upon the point of precedence.

"Arrah, man; go on, can't ye, and don't be botherin'; what are ye afeared of?" insisted Ryan.

"Now I tell you what it is; I don't understand you, nor what you're at; but divil a foot I'll go over that wall till you go over it first," said Macarthy, doggedly.

"To be sure I'll go over it first, if that will please ye; and what does it matter who's first or who's last?" he answered, surlily. "But you're the biggest omadhoun I ever set eyes on."

And, speaking to this effect, he crossed the stile, followed by Macarthy, who pointed out the grave, and forthwith the stranger kneeled beside it, and began to tell his beads and say his prayers, an observance which usually lasts about a quarter of an hour. When the prayers were ended, the farmer and Ryan, now quite good friends again, returned to the farm house, where the stranger had his supper with the family, and in the morning, having eaten his breakfast, he took his leave, and set out on his homeward journey.

Irish ideas of hospitality in the peasant rank make it a matter of obligation upon the host to accompany his guest for a part of his way. Macarthy, in compliance with this courteous custom, set out with the stranger, and about a mile away from his house they entered a little village, where he shook hands with his guest, and bid him farewell.

But his visitor would not part without testifying his gratitude, according to the custom of the country, by treating his kinsman to some drink, which he insisted on doing in the village public house, the door of which stood open close by them.

Macarthy accordingly went in with him. They sat down at a table, and the stranger, having ascertained what his cousin liked best, ordered a pot of porter, making some excuse for not partaking himself.

When Macarthy raised the pewter pot to his lips, a sudden pain, which he afterwards described, more particularly, in the back of his neck, compelled him to set it down untasted.

The stranger urged him to drink it, and, without explaining the cause of his hesitation, he a second time raised the vessel to his mouth. Precisely the same thing occurred again.

Once more the stranger expostulated, and pressed him more vehemently to drink; and again he tried it, but with exactly the same result.

"What ails ye? and why don't you drink your liquor? Don't you like it?" the stranger demanded.

I don't like it," answered Macarthy, getting up, "and I don't like you and your ways, and, in God's name, I'll have nothing more, good or bad, to say to you."

"To the divil I pitch you and it," said the stranger breaking into undisguised fury, and at the same time, through the open door, he flung the contents of the pewter pot upon the road.

Without another word, in his temper, the unknown cousin strode out of the door, and walked on his way, leaving the farmer in a state of perturbation and suspicion.

Happening to look into the pewter pot, which had contained the porter just thrown out, he saw a white sediment at the bottom of it. He and the publican put their heads together over it, but could make nothing of this deposit.

It so happened, however, that the physician was in attendance at the dispensary, only a few yards away, and to him they submitted the white powder that lay in the bottom of the measure. It proved to be arsenic.

The mud upon the road where the porter had fallen was also examined, and some of the same deposit was found upon it.

Upon these facts, and the short information sworn by Macarthy, a neighboring magistrate at once issued his warrant, with which the police pursued the miscreant, who, without apprehension of his purpose having been discovered, was pursuing his journey quite at his ease. He was arrested, and duly committed to prison.

The animus and purpose of the heinous enterprise came afterwards to light. The pretended cousin, whose real name was Mara, had been bribed to put Macarthy to death, by a person interested in the termination of a lease in which Macarthy was the last life.

The attempts to poison was only a resource in reserve. The primary plan, and that relied upon with good reason, was of a totally different kind. Under the pretext I have mentioned, Macarthy was to have been induced to accompany Mara to the lonely graveyard, the position of which, and the stile by which it was entered, were familiar to him. He was to have allowed Macarthy to cross the stile first, and, following him closely, as he descended it at the other side, he was, from above, to have dealt him, with his heavy loaded stick, such a blow upon the head as must have felled him to the ground, and, as he lay stunned in the graveyard, he would have easily despatched him. The sounds of violence in that sequestered place no ear could have heard, and no human aid would have interfered to prevent the consummation of this atrocious purpose.

The women, who, in the large barn-like room were attending to the preparations for supper at its further end, and caught nothing of the conversation of the two men who stood near the door. The effect of this might not very improbably have been that no one would have known in what direction their walk had lain, or could have conjectured where the body of Macarthy, if he had been murdered, was concealed. It might have lain under the wall of that rude cemetery undiscovered until the next funeral brought people into its solitary inclosure.

At this point all turned upon the presentiment which had so mysteriously determined Macarthy, without any motive of which he was conscious, against going over the stile before him. Macarthy was too powerful a man to have been assailed on fair terms, with a fair chance of the intending assassin's success.

When the trial was over, Mr. Bennet, my informant, who, though not in the case, and a very junior barrister at the time, had listened to the trial with deep interest, found an opportunity of speaking to the prosecutor, and asked him some questions upon the most extraordinary point in the strange occurrence deposed to

What passed was to the following effect:

"You stated that you were prevented from drinking the porter by a pain in the back of your neck. Did that pain affect all the back of your neck; and if not, to what part of your neck was it confined?"

"It was in one spot only, close under the skull on the backbone."

"Was it a severe pain?"

"The worst I ever felt."

"Had you ever had the same pain before?"

"Never any pain like it before or since."

"Can you give me any idea of what the pain was like?"

"It covered about the size of the top of a man's finger pressed hard against the neck, and it felt like a red-hot bullet."

"Did the pain last long?"

"It came whenever I raised the porter towards my mouth, and stopped so soon as I set the vessel down again; and I could not drink or hold the vessel up while it lasted."

Some persons will account upon natural, though complicated theories, for the mental and physical impressions which, they may suppose, resulted in this sensation, and in the consequent escape of the prosecutor, Macarthy, from a deep laid scheme of murder. Others will see nearly insuperable difficulties in the way of such an explanation. It is, in any case, one of the most remarkable instances of justice satisfied and life saved by mysterious premonition that I have ever met with.

The hired assassin was convicted, and, although his intention had been defeated, his crime was then, I believe, a capital one. The wretch who employed him was, also, if I remember rightly, convicted and punished.

I relate this story with a very exact recollection of the terms in which it was told to me, and with a conscientious anxiety to reproduce the narrative accurately. It is extraordinary enough, I think, to merit being rescued from oblivion.

◆

A TRUE LOVE STORY.

We are in receipt through Paris letters of a very romantic and o'er true tale, concernig M. Benedetti, the French diploma who has already made so much talk in the world, and upon whose shoulders the immediate responsibility of the late war was thought to lie. The incidents have not, as yet, leaked out in America and will prove of interest to those who delight in refined pieces of gossip and romantic narrative of love.

Very early in the diplomatic career of the French Embassador bodily fatigue led him to take a pleasure trip through that most delightful portion of the globe included in Greece and the Ionian Isles, and the countries that lie about the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorous. At Athens he fell in with a Greek merchant of elegant manners and attainments, and to whose own personal attractions was added that of a daughter, the most beautiful in form and feature that the eyes of the statesman had ever lit upon.

A Frenchman is not slow to tell his love, especially when joined to that insousiance and social daring that comes of long life in the most polished of European courts, and the weeks that they passed under the golden skies of the Levant, among the peerless Islands of the Archipelago, and in the orange and spice groves of Marmora, were glowing with the warm light of a true love that ran smooth as liquid velvet.

Then came the disagreeable task of asking papa, and the dramatic crisis of our tale. The courtly merchant heard the Frechman's passionate declaration in a style considerably different from that of the three-act drama which God-blesses-you-my-children and adds several pillow-cases full of gold and jewels. The eyes of the old man were filled with tears, and the disclosure which he insisted upon making ran as follows:

Some two years previous, he, too, wearied in mind and body, had started out for a pleasure jaunt that led him through the Golden Horn into the city of Constantinople. Strolling through the slave marts one day, his eye had fallen upon a young girl of more matchless beauty than it had ever entered into his heart to conceive of. The disordered state of her garments, dropping from her full white neck and shoulders, the disheveled hair pouring its glossy black over cheek and bust, and the look of mingled terror and anguish in her great black eyes, waked all the pity and love that had lain dormant in his heart for years, and that night the apartments of the wealthy Greek were lit by the glad smile of the lovely and grateful slave.

A year passed, and as coming age drove passion from the merchant's blood, there came into it a great love and regard for the young woman he had taken in his household, and after no little hesitation and mental struggle he not only released her from slavery, but adopted her as his own child, and spared no effort to fit her for the position that the wealth and standing of her accepted father entitled her to. It was at this juncture that she met M. Benedetti; and it is a bright spot in that chivalry for which France was once so famous that these painful disclosures added to rather than lessened his love. They were married, and upon the death of the merchant who did not long survive the loss of the slave and daughter, the whole of his vast fortune was found to be willed to Mme. Benedetti, utterly ignoring several heirs-at-law.

It is that fact which has led to the exposure of the tale, and may yet cause the French statesman much trouble. Suit was immediately brought by the incensed relatives to contest the will, but the great influence of M. Benedetti kept it out of the courts. The overthrow of the Empire, however, now allows the law to take its own course, and it is to be feared that the fair slave will be shorn of most of her fortune. There is enough left, however, in face and form, if all tales be true, to make the Frenchman bless to his dying day his pleasure jaunt through the golden sunshine of the Grecian Isles.—*Cincinnati Daily Chronicle.*

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A THRILLING NOVEL.

When President Grant first appointed Quaker Indian Agents, there was written a novel for the purpose of showing how great might be the evils which would result from the selection of Friends for such a purpose. The writer attempted to depict the perplexity and awkwardness of the situation, if a young Quaker Indian Agent should fall in love with a Shoshone squaw, for instance. The story was printed, but the myrmidons of the government suppressed all of the edition that could be found. We publish the thrilling part of the story now, beginning with a love scene, which is intended to illustrate the inevitable embarassment of a Friend in such a situation. The squaw speaks first; her real name is Kash-e-wash e-naw, or the "Pride of McGinnis' Dam."

"Do you love me, then, dearest!" she fondly said, nestling on his unplaited bosom.

"Yes, ma'am!" said Archibald (who was the Quaker Indian Agent.)

"Swear by yon bright moon—no, the moon, isn't out; swear by yon bright stars you love me," she whispered softly.

"I don't swear—I affirm," he replied, in the endearing accents of affection.

"I am loved by another, a Shoshone brave with thin legs and a sardonic smile. Say, my only Archibald, will you kill him?"

"I can't; I'm a peace man?" said Archibald, as if he were glad he was

"Well then dearest, let us go to my father's wigwam and talk the matter over, and prove your steadfastness to your principles by smoking the calumet of peace.

This is what the squaw said—what the Indian girl with the hard name remarked to the young Friend, remember.

"But I don't smoke; it makes me sick," replied Archibald.

"And will you not join us to-night in our wild dance around the council fire, and learn to love the custom of my people?" she asked with an anxious look.

"I'm much obliged, but I don't dance, it's against our discipline," he said, and he heaved a sigh.

"Well, then, my own, at least accept this little ring from me, and let me bore a hole with the broad-awl, so you can wear it sweetly dangling in your nose."

"I believe not; I daren't wear jewelry."

"Never mind, dearest," said she "it is as well as it is. Father will get you a situation to beat the war drum, and inspire our braves with the glad music of battle."

"Excuse me, I must decline, I'm down on music of any kind?"

The love light faded out of the soft brown eyes of the "Pride of McGinnis's Dam" for a moment, and she looked as if she was real mad. Presently she smiled sweetly, and said:

"Come, then, to my home and let me toy with your raven hair, and plait it as our braves do theirs, and decorate it with gaudy feathers."

"If it makes no difference to you," he said, "I'd rather not. I have conscientious scruples against taking off my hat."

"Well, then, let us fly to your people, and I will become as you are. But will you not take me some times to the circus and the theatre and other places, darling?"

"I should think not. I never visit places of amusement."

Thus did these two young lovers, each happy in the fullness of the other's love, beguile the happy moments as they fled from Time's unerring glass, and seemed to have a first-rate time. This is all of the novel that we shall publish, but we may as well say that Archibald was finally converted; abandoning his scruples, he became a violent Shoshone brave. The story has a moral, which we desire to impress upon those misguided persons who approve of sending Friends among the indians. If the hearts of any such are touched by this little tale from real life, our object will have been attained, and we will have been well repaid for the sleepless nights spent in preparing this anecdote.

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AN ENGINEER OF RESOURCES.—The Bethlehem (Pa.) *Times* says that the oldest locomotive engineer in the United States is Barney Butz, who now runs an engine on the Lebanon branch of the Reading Railroad. Barney was born in Conyngham, Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, and went on the Beaver Meadow Railroad about the year 1835 or 1836. In 1837 he was running an engine from Perryville to Weatherly, the planes being then in operation. The cars being drawn up the planes by a stationary engine, and were then drawn to the Beaver mines by a locomotive engine. A good story is told of Barney's readiness in case of an emergency. One day his engine would not make steam well, and he was likely to be overtaken by a passenger train before he could reach the turnout. Seeing a good sized porker beside the track, he jumped from his engine—the train was moving slow—seized the pig, cut his throat, and stuffed him into the furnace. The fat of the pig was better than kindling wood, and in a very short time Barney had steam up and was out of danger.

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IT is said that tea leaves placed on a stove and allowed to burn, so as to create a smoke, will prevent the spread of the small-pox.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

In a certain bright little town situated upon the line of the Central railroad in this State, two respectable young people crowned a devoted courtship of two years, on Monday fortnight, by the usual brief but solemn ceremony. So far as can be known, the course of their true love had run smoothly from first to last, without hostile parents to make afraid, rivals to vex, or even the ordinary lovers' quarrels to be remembered even if forgiven. The lady was a most exemplary member of society and the church, the gentleman, a rising merchant; and the sympathetic company of relatives and friends assembled in gay attire to honor the wedding had come thither in the pleasant belief that words of priest and book could join in marriage no two beings with better prospect of permanent happiness in such union than had these. It was observed, indeed, that during the solemnization of the rite by the officiating clergyman the bride gave a sudden nervous start, changed color, and betrayed a curious restlessness of manner and disquietude of look susceptible of no visible explanation; but as she was a person of nervous temperament, and made no complaint of any disturbing cause, etiquette forbade particular notice of her demeanor. The ceremony concluded and congratulations duly bestowed, carriages conveyed the bridal party to the railroad depot, where, after more good wishes, husband and wife took a train for New York.

The former had observed the strange emotion betrayed by the bride at the altar and, now, when they were in the comparative privacy secured by a surrounding of unheeding strangers and the ordinary distractions of travel, gently remonstrated with his fair companion for that still continued distraitness of manner, so strangely inconsistent with their happy situation. To his unutterable wonder and positive incredulity of his own senses, the lady turned upon him eyes fairly ablaze with contemptuous anger, and declared that she despised him! Before he could answer a word to this astounding confession she burst into tears, and begged piteously to be allowed to return to her home. She had wholly mistaken her own heart, she said, though unconscious of the fatal delusion until standing as a bride before the clergyman and hearing the solemn words of the ritual falling from his lips. Then had come over her as by revelation from Providence the discovery that what she had taken for her love was but an unreal fancy, and that the man to whom she was giving herself for life was absolutely revolting to her!

Their marriage must be broken; she would say, or do, or write anything in the world to enable her companion to obtain an immediate divorce; and if he did not permit her leave him at once—at once!—she would go raving mad! To say that the young husband was shocked almost into madness himself by this incredible revelation and appeal, would be to express but imperfectly his agonized sensation. Pleading with her in the most moving terms to consider what she was saying, and all its inevitable consequences to both of them, he tried to convince her that she was the victim of some strange temporary delusion, probably reaction from too great nervous excitement, and to be combatted with all her power of will. By such argument and every soothing assurance possible to his ingenuity, he succeeded, as he thought, in calming the agitated woman somewhat, for she finally sank into silence.

While the train stopped at Albany he stepped out from the car to procure for her a cup of tea, upon his return with which she had disappeared—gone, leaving her baggage, with his, and her handkerchief, upon the seat, but no trace of her course of flight! Through the train and through another standing at the same station, and through the first one again, the frenzied man searched for her in vain.

The cars were off with him while he was thus employed, and he reached this city in a state of mind not far removed from the madness which he believed had fallen upon the unhappy virgin wife.

Telegraphing back at once to the police of Albany for a vigorous search of that city for the fugitive, he also secured the service of the best detective ability here. And it was in New York, after a hunt of but few hours, that the missing lady was found. Traced from the Albany boat, which she had taken immediately after leaving the cars in that city, she was discovered by a detective in a boarding-house in Twenty-sixth street, and her heart-sick husband taken thither to comfort her.

The interview was one of hopeless misery for the man; for the woman, now hardened and defiant in her manner, seemed to have forgotten that they had ever been married at all, and laughed at his "mad delusion" about it. In short, she was a thorough maniac; and it remained but for her parents to hasten thither for her conveyance back to her home by them, and for her husband to mourn a marriage which had been more dreadful to him than a death.

If this story is literally true—and the writer communicating it to the Albany Knickerbocker alleges that it is—a new peril comes within the speculations of "those about to marry," and a physician may yet be required, no less than a clergyman, at a wedding, to arrest, if possible, a seizure of Amantomania.—*World.*

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, : : DEC. 2, 1871.

GEORGIA will hold a special election on the second Tuesday of December to fill the vacancy occasioned by the disappearance of Bullock and three million dollars. In the meantime, it is announced that Grant and Ackerman are making preparations for this election by suppressing the writ of *habeas corpus* in the heavy democratic districts of Georgia.

CONGRESS will assemble next Monday.—As it will be what is called the "long session," and will be held immediately preceding the next Presidential election, it would be a great mistake and contrary to former experience to anticipate any substantial good from its deliberations. Its time will be principally occupied in manufacturing political capital for the coming national campaign, and all questions of great public concern will be rendered subordinate to the attainment of that one object. Scurvy politicians will play their fantastic tricks in the Congressional arena, the treasury will be plundered with unwashed hands, the American eagle will soar to loftier heights than it ever reached before, and in July or August the curtain will fall and the broad and solemn farce be brought to a close. There will be no Adams, Webster, Calhoun, Clay or Benton there, as in the palmy days of the republic, but in their stead a surfeit of Butlers, Binghams, Camerons, Conklings, Brownlows, Mortons and Nyes, to play their accustomed part in the game of reckless, improvident and corrupt legislation. When the political cauldron boils the scum will surely rise to the surface. A wise man has said that the world is governed too much, and this is especially true of our own country. Almost synchronously with the meeting of Congress the legislative mills of nearly every State in the Union will commence their usual run and contribute their grist to the huge and unsightly mass of laws that is annually thrown upon the country. One would naturally suppose that this business of enacting laws would become small by degrees and beautifully less, but it may safely be affirmed that if our own Legislature were to sit from January until December, the ingenuity of its members, encouraged by the folly of their constituents, would invent more than work enough to keep them busily employed. It is a fearful picture to contemplate. "Go forth, my son," said a Swedish chancellor to his son, who was about to make a tour of observation through Europe, "go forth, my son, and see with what little wisdom the world is governed."

The Southern States.

About a month ago Rufus B. Bullock, who hails from Orleans county, New York, and who was then the carpet-bag Governor of Georgia, made a very sudden exit from that State, and, when he had safely reached Washington, wrote a letter resigning his office. Bullock thus took time by the forelock to escape the unpleasant consequences of an impeachment for manifold high crimes and misdemeanors, which he had good reason to believe would be instituted against him by the Legislature which was then about to assemble. Upon the resignation of Bullock the Lieutenant Governor (Conley) became his successor. Conley is said to be a man of some respectability and character when compared with his predecessor. Among the first acts of the Legislature was the passage of a law authorizing an election for Governor during the present month.—Conley, anxious no doubt to complete and carry out the unfinished jobs of Bullock, vetoed the bill, which was, however, taken up last week by the Legislature and passed over the veto by the necessary two-third vote. This will secure the election of a Governor in that plundered and misgoverned State who enjoys the confidence of the people, and who will be in entire harmony with the popular will as expressed through the Legislature, unless Grant in the exercise of his high prerogative should proclaim martial law in that State, as he has been importuned to do by Bullock's colleagues in infamy.

What a disgraceful and sickening record of villainy and fraud is exhibited in nearly every Southern State under the much boasted reconstruction laws of Congress. Holden, Governor of North Carolina, who was the very cream of *loyalty*, so-called, was impeached and driven in disgrace from the State, to become one of the editors of Grant's organ in Washington. Scott, of South Carolina, supported by a negro Legislature, has taxed the people out of their very substance and plunged the State into such an abyss of hopeless bankruptcy that his negro allies have boldly hoisted the dishonored banner of repudiation as the only escape from a bondage worse than slavery itself. The condition of Florida under the rule of Governor Reed, another carpet-bagger, is fast becoming as desperate as that of South Carolina. Louisiana is a prey to the rapacity and greed of the two rival factions of Grant and anti-Grant into which the radical party in that State is divided. Texas, the State of Houston and Rusk, the garden spot of the Union, is plundered and robbed and the voice of her people proclaimed through the ballot-box is attempted to be suppressed by a corrupt and lawless Executive. Arkansas, whose public debt amounts to the enormous sum of *forty millions* of dollars, writhes in the corrupt carpet bag embrace of Clayton, the special pet of Grant—a Governor intent only upon plunder, and who, if only the one-half that is charged against him by his own political friends be true, instead of disgracing a seat in the United States Senate, to which he has been recently elected, ought to be serving out a term of years in the penitentiary. There is not a single green spot to relieve the eye as it wanders over this wide and dreary waste of official misrule, venality and corruption.

"Pines" and Plagiarism.

A communication from Clearfield township over the signature of "*Pines*" appears in the *Herald* of last week, which was intended to be a criticism on certain views published by the Johnstown *Echo* in reference to the recent political campaign. Several portions of this communication attracted our special attention by the great purity of its style and the remarkable force and vigor of its expression. It was very evident to us that if it was really the production of a resident of Clearfield township, which we do not believe, then some "forest-born" child of genius was wasting its fragrance on the desert air. A second and more careful perusal of it satisfied us that in our school-boy days we had somewhere read the most of it, with perhaps some slight variations. Many years ago we were familiar with the celebrated letters of *Junius*, which were published in a London newspaper called the "*Public Advertiser*" about a century ago, and which from that time to the present have maintained a world-wide celebrity as perfect models of style and elegance. We therefore consulted the classic pages of *Junius*, and all doubt as to its paternity was at once removed.—"*Pines*" was *Junius*, and *nothing else*, and had stolen his thunder by the wholesale. It was a bold theft and it is difficult which to admire the most, his courage or his taste. It is one of the curiosities of literature to see the grand and sonorous sentences of *Junius*, which confounded cabinets and made even the King tremble on his throne, reproduced after the lapse of a hundred years by some enterprising genius in Clearfield township, or elsewhere, under the high-sounding name of "*Pines*," and attempted to be made applicable to the petty and harmless quarrels of a few Cambria county politicians. We have not room for the whole communication, but in order to show how faithfully "*Pines*" has executed his work and how serenely impudent is the plagiarism, we have selected three paragraphs from it (two-thirds of the whole) and publish alongside of them the corresponding passages from the letters of *Junius*. The first quotation from *Junius* is taken from his letter to the *Public Advertiser*, dated October 5th, 1771; the second, from his letter to the Duke of Grafton, dated February 14th, 1770; and the third from his letter to Lord Mansfield, dated November 14th, 1771:

JUNIUS.	"PINES."
. No man laments more sincerely than I do, the unhappy differences which have arisen among the friends of the people, and divided them from each other. The cause, undoubtedly, suffers as well by the diminution of that strength which union carries along with it, as by the separate loss of personal reputation which every man sustains when his character and conduct are frequently held forth in odious or contemptible colours. These differences are only advantageous to the common enemy of the country. The hearty friends of the cause are provoked and disgusted. The lukewarm advocate avails himself of any pretence to relapse into that indolent indifference about everything that ought to interest an Englishman, so unjustly dignified with the title of moderation. The false, insidious partisan, who creates or foments the disorder, sees the fruit of his honest industry ripen beyond his hopes, and rejoices in the promise of a banquet, only delicious to such an appetite as his own. It is time for those who really mean well to the Cause and the People, who have no view to private advantage, and who have virtue enough to prefer the general good of the community to the gratification of personal animosities; it is time for such men to interpose. Let us try whether these fatal dissensions may not yet be reconciled. * * * * * *	* * * No man laments more sincerely than I the unhappy differences which have arisen among the friends of the party and divided them from each other. The cause undoubtedly suffers as well by the diminution of our strength which comes with such division as by the separate loss of personal reputation, which every man sustains when his character and conduct are so frequently held forth in odious or contemptible colors. These differences are advantageous only to the common enemy of the community. The hearty and true friends of the Democratic party are provoked and disgusted. The lukewarm advocate avails himself of any pretense to relapse into indifference in relation to things which should command the earnest co-operation of every member of the organization.—The false, invidious partisan who creates or foments the disorder sees the fruits of his dishonest industry ripen beyond his hopes and rejoices in the promise of a banquet only delicious to such an appetite as his own. It is time for those who really mean well for the success and future welfare of the country, who have no view to private advantage and who have enough virtue to prefer the general good of the community to the gratification of personal animosities, to interpose. Let us try whether these fatal disruptions may not be reconciled. * * * *
If I were personally your enemy, I might pity and forgive you. You have every claim to compassion that can arise from misery and distress. The condition you are reduced to, would disarm a private enemy of his resentment, and leave no consolation to the most vindictive spirit, but that such an object as you are would disgrace the dignity of revenge. * * * * * *	If I was personally the enemy of any of the Junto who surround and control the future of the *Echo*, I might pity and forgive them; they certainly have every claim to compassion that can arise from misery and distress. The condition they are reduced to would disarm a private enemy of his resentment and leave no consolation to the most vindictive spirit. Such objects as they are would disgrace the dignity of revenge. * * *
Accept of this address, my Lord, as a prologue to more important scenes, in which you will probably be called upon to act or suffer.	* * Let them, and he who has direct control of the *Echo*, accept this letter as a prologue to more important scenes in which they will probably be called on to act or suffer.

There are two other passages in the communication which have no doubt been pilfered from the same abundant store house, but we have not been able to find them. Taken as a whole, "*Pines*" has performed his task as an amanuensis with commendable accuracy and without any serious injury, we hope, to his prolific brain. We trust that the *Herald* may be able without regard to expense to secure his future services. Regular contributions from his able and eloquent pen would prove a most valuable acquisition to its columns. In these cold and dreary winter days it would be peculiarly refreshing to have a few choice extracts from three or four of the unmatched letters of *Junius*, the great Unknown, carefully selected, and, after having been cunningly dovetailed together, served up every Wednesday to an astonished but delighted public as an original Clearfield township production.

THE Pittsburgh *Post* says: "A presumptuous clerk of one of the Departments in Washington had his hash settled while settling his hash in an oyster saloon the other day. While partaking of his bivalves, a negro Congressman from South Carolina came in and seated himself at the table with the white clerk and called for a stew. Mr. Clerk rather profanely remarked that he was not in the habit of eating with negroes. The outraged Congressman reported the clerk at headquarters, and he was dismissed. Had he objected to eating with a German or Irishman, he would no doubt have been promoted, but refusing to eat with a negro in a free country meets with a speedy and exemplary punishment."

GENERAL ROBERT C. SCHENCK, our Minister to England, has turned over a new leaf in the art of diplomacy. There is a "wild-cat" mining association in Utah known as "The Emma Silver Mining Company." On the 9th of November a very lengthy prospectus or advertisement of this company was published in London for the purpose of promoting the sale of its stock, to which was attached a list of the names of the directors and trustees. In this list Schenck figures in the two-fold capacity of a director and trustee. This is the head and front of his offending, for which he has been severely reprimanded by the English press, and on this side of the water for his unseemly conduct has called forth the indignant comments of several leading papers, amongst the number the New York Evening *Post*, which demands his instant recall. Whatever may have been the character and conduct of other Ministers to England under former administrations, such democratic representatives for instance as Buchanan and Dallas, it is at least certain that Schenck is to be judged by a very different standard. He took his cue from the head of his own government, and the only mistake he has committed was in supposing that the customs of the Court of St. James were fashioned after those of his own country. He has simply combined business with politics. Grant is a stockholder in the Seneca Stone Company and is believed to be making quite a nice thing out of it. If his admirers can tolerate such conduct on the part of their own President, how can they denounce Schenck for imitating the example thus set him by our "second Washington." If U. S. Grant can bolster up the interests of the Seneca Stone Company by his official influence, who will censure Robert C. Schenck for advancing his own and the Emma Silver Mining Company's fortunes through his official position. In former days an American Minister to a foreign court accepted the office in order to serve his country, but all that has been changed since the advent of the present model administration, whose appointees to these high and dignified positions are expected to follow the advice of *honest Iago* to his friend Roderigo: "Put money in thy purse—put money in thy purse." We admit that Schenck's conduct is as indefensible as it is unprecedented, and that it is highly disreputable to the country, but then has he not literally followed the footsteps of the *illustrious* statesman from whom he received his appointment?

Garrett Davis on Grant.

In his recent speech at Louisville, Kentucky, the Hon. Garrett Davis drew the following portrait of Grant. Its fidelity of outline will be recognized by all who peruse it. Whatever may be said of the soundness of his political views, his ability as a limner will not be gainsaid:

Endowed by nature with a narrow and sterile mind; slenderly educated because of indisposition and incapacity to learn; a very small amount of reading, and a shallow understanding of what he did read; and consequently, no general knowledge or information; a stranger to every just, magnanimous, or kind sentiment, callous selfish and malicious; brave because of the absence of intellect and sensibility, his persistence was obstinacy, for he had no power of inductive reasoning to free himself from a false position or conclusion. But the most common and calamitous of all weaknesses of the people, is to be dazzled by military glory, whether true or false, so that it has the presage of success. The people of the United States were no exception to this weakness of the race, and the reticent humbug, Ulysses S. Grant, led them captive. The vigilant, unscrupulous leaders of a great party named him as their candidate for the Presidency, not for his abilities, or virtues, or public services, or for any good of the country, but because he was the popular idol of the day, and could be made their tool. They elected and have tried him. He suits them and they suit him. He interposes no objection to their unconstitutional, mischievous, and revolutionary measures. Every legislative device which they bring forward to continue themselves in power, and to increase their spoils and plunder, he approves. He pledged his word and his honor to President Johnson, when he accepted the position of secretary of war *ad interim*, as he admitted in the presence of the cabinet; and, having violated the pledge, to escape the consequent shame and dishonor, he publicly and falsely denied having made it. Whilst holding a military position subordinate to President Johnson, as commander-in-chief, he entered into the foul conspiracy to have him removed by impeachment, and used his influence with the court to procure its judgment of conviction. He is the only President of the United States who has ever accepted the scandal of allowing himself to be subsidized; and he gave the officers and trusts of the people to his subsidizers and their friends as *quid pro quo*. He was a pauper when he entered the public service during the war, and his wealth now amounts to hundreds of thousands. The means by which he has accumulated it has prepared the public to believe the charge made against him of belonging to a "ring" for gigantic plunder, connected with the acquisition of Dominica, to be true. He has appointed more of his kindred and connections to office than all his predecessors together, with a general unfitness of his appointees. He has been more absent from Washington city, and has given far less attention to the duties of his office, than any former President—this resulting in part from his greater ignorance of them. During the vacations of congress, he is rollicking about at the watering places, large cities and other points, in quest of fast men and fast horses, boon companions and sensual life."

THE NATHAN MURDER.—A ship has recently arrived at Honolulu from the spot where were wrecked the entire whaling fleet. This vessel brings the last of the shipwrecked sailors. These men are now being cared for by the authorities. One of the shipwrecked seaman, who died at the United States Hospital, two days ago, has made a statement which has created a sensation. While on his deathbed he was visited by a shipmate, to whom he confessed the startling fact that he was a murderer. Being asked what had led him to the commission of such a crime he avowed it was for the purpose of obtaining money. He was pressed by his shipmate to disclose the full details of the horrible affair, and thus ease his conscience. He confessed some particulars which led directly to the belief that he was either the principal actor or else an important accomplice in the atrocious massacre of Mr. Benjamin Nathan, in New York, last year.—*Phila. Press.*

Letter from Ireland--No. 4.

[Correspondence of Cambria Freeman.]

KILRUSH, IRELAND, Nov. 12, 1871.

DEAR MAC—You see I have changed my quarters, and indeed I felt lonely when I was leaving the gay city of Limerick, with all its historic associations, its charming scenic surroundings, its beautiful and sprightly "gals," and its manly, intelligent, and patriotic sons. Before leaving I had to promise several that I would visit Limerick again ere I would take my final departure for the Western Republic—a promise which, if possible, I will perform. On last Thursday I was up, almost with the lark, preparing for a trip down the Shannon. In order to vary the scenes on the journey I took the early train and booked myself for the very ancient and very

SWEET ADARE,

which is within eight miles of Limerick city. This town, or village, is situated in the midst of a lovely country, on the river Maigne, which flows through rich, fertile fields and gently sloping valleys, till it finds its way into the Shannon. Here are the ruins of three ancient Abbeys which flourished as the seats of learning till the ruthless Cromwell put to flight its pious occupants and laid waste their sacred walls. Within a few minutes' walk of Adare is the splendid demesne of the noble Earl Dunraven, whose family name is the fine old Celtic name of Quinn. I was told that it was only four weeks ago since the noble Earl, one of the best and most humane of landlords, was followed to the grave amidst the tears and sorrow of both rich and poor. A little distance from Adare are the ruined walls of Shanid's old castle, which brings to memory the adventurous and romantic story of

YOUNG MATT. HYLAND.

Within Shanid's old castle lived in the fifteenth century one of the proud Earls of Desmond, who had a beautiful daughter named Helen. The heart of the bright-eyed Helen loved the manly, honest Hyland, and was determined to be his bride. Helen's father heard of his daughter's intention. He was furious to think that *his* daughter should even deign to notice a plain farmer's son, as Matt. Hyland was. He locked up the fair Helen and paid a captain to take with him to sea young Hyland. Months and years rolled by and still no trace of poor Matt.—Yet Helen's noble heart never changed. She watched with anxious eyes the stately ships as they passed up and down the Shannon, within view of her father's castle, expecting to get some news from her banished lover. At length the joyful intelligence went round that a British ship was in harbor having on board young Hyland, who was now returning as Sir Matthew Hyland. While at sea their ship was repeatedly attacked by pirates, and such were the daring deeds of chivalry performed by Hyland, that on returning he received the order of Knighthood. When the haughty Desmond heard of Hyland's noble record he consented to his daughter's marriage, and so the lovely Helen became the bride of the lucky Matt.

For miles around here it is a perfect Paradise. Griffin did not deal in the imaginative when he wrote:

"Sweet Adare; oh, lovely vale!
  Soft retreat of sylvan splendor;
Summer's sun or morning gale
  Ne'er hailed a scene more softly tender.
How shall I tell the thousand charms
  Within thy verdant bosom dwelling,
When lulled in Nature's fostering arms,
  Soft peace abides and joy excelling."

Another ride in the train, passing the old towns Askeaton and Rathkeale, I found myself, after an hour's ride, in

FOYNES,

where there was a steamboat, waiting to take us down the Shannon. Having about an hour's delay before the boat would start, I climbed up a big hill near the town, which commands a splendid view. Within a few rods of the base of the hill dashes, in silvery sprays, the waters of the Shannon; farther out lies at anchor the "Black Prince," one of her Britannic Majesty's largest iron-clads; opposite, on the Clare county side, is the fairy haunted, beautiful Cahercon, backed by heather-clad hills; to the left is the picturesque village of Glen, surrounded by stately trees of the greenest foliage, while farther on rises up the neat little town of Tarbert, with its snow-white light-house standing out on a rock as a beacon-light to the tempest-tossed mariner; in the distant horizon the blue-crested wave of the lordly Shannon, the pine clad hills of historic Clare, the majestic mountains of classic Kerry, seem to unite with the blue ethereal sky. My reverie was broken by the whistle and bell of the boat calling "all aboard," so I had to leave my sight-seeing eminence and hasten on board. The sail from Foynes to Kilrush, about 20 miles, occupies less than two hours. The scenery on both sides of the river is rich, varied and romantic. After passing Tarbert light-house we came in sight of Scathery Island, or Imiscabath, (the island of war,) with its seven churches and Round Tower. Nearer and nearer we came, till we saw about one hundred boats, canoes, cots and skiffs following each other. On inquiry I found it was

A FUNERAL AT SEA,

which is a very common occurrence in this neighborhood. In the first boat, pulled by four stalwart men, was the corpse, next followed the surpliced priest, breviary in hand, accompanied by the immediate relatives of the deceased; then came in regular succession the other boats full of people, all forming a funeral cortege as solemn as ever I witnessed. In the Island, which is about four miles from the town, is a burial ground, where some families in particular wish to be buried. As I intend devoting a special letter to Scathery Island, which is full of legendary lore, to "Saint Seranus and the Lady," &c., I will say no more about it at present.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon our boat landed at Kilrush quay, where we found rollicking Irish drivers, with their comfortable "side cars," ready to carry us to any hotel, or wherever we would wish to go. This is indeed the prettiest and cleanest town I have met in my visit. It is built on an arm of the Shannon. You can sit at the hotel window and see above twenty miles down the river. Right in view are Scathery and Hogg Islands, backed by the tall hills of Kerry. Hiring a "jaunting car," and accompanied by a jolly jarvey, I drove out to see

EILY O'CONNOR'S GRAVE.

which is in Burrawn church-yard, within three miles of Kilrush. In my last I made brief mention of the ill-fated heroine of "The Collegians." I confess I was terribly disappointed and not a little annoyed to see the wretched, mean stone tablet that was over poor Eily's grave. No inscription on it but "The Colleen Bawn, 1819." On inquiry, I found that the mean tombstone and inscription was put over the grave some years ago by an aristocrat named Reeves. After Dion Boucicault dramatized "The Collegians" into the "Colleen Bawn," this imported Anglo-Irishman, Reeves, owning the property in which the grave was, thought in his sublime ignorance that he was doing a big thing when he got inscribed over Eily's grave "The Colleen Bawn, 1819." This is the year when she was murdered. A few days before she was seen walking around Islevaroo cliffs, near Kilrush, accompanied by the wretch Scanlan. They then crossed over the river to Glen, when Danny Mann took her into a boat and rowed as far as Ballylongford. The villain confessed before he was hung that he threw her into the river, when she grasped the side of the boat with a death-grip. He said that her beautiful eyes gave him such a piteous, piercing, appealing look that he thought to spare her life, but the demon prompted him, and he chopped off her fingers, which caused the lovely Eily to fall into the river. In about two weeks after her lifeless remains floated into Money Point strand. The inquest, her identification, and Scanlan's and Sullivan's execution soon followed. Thus ended the life of the gentle, beautiful Ellen O'Hanlon, the rope-maker's daughter of old Garryowen.

I fear, friend Mac, that I have outwritten my limits and your readers' patience this time. Ah! my dear old fellow, wasn't I glad a few days ago when I received some copies of the FREEMAN and *Democrat* from a fair friend in Johnstown. You bet I did read with a gusto all the news of the county since I left. Till my next good-bye.

Yours, very truly, ERIONACH.

TERRIBLE, IF TRUE.—A Wilkesbarre correspondent of the Scranton *Republican* writes: Since the loss of Avondale coal breaker by fire, and the additional terrible loss of a hundred lives from the effect upon the ventilation of the mine, there has been endless and fruitless speculation as to its cause, and the profound mystery which shrouded it at the time has since enveloped it, and while the story which reaches us comes from no authoritive source, it is still so generally circulated that we feel justified in giving it for what it may be worth. A man who lived somewhere near Grand Tunnel, died from the effects of small pox last Friday night. In his last moments he said to those about him that there was something on his mind which troubled him, and he could not die at rest himself until he told it. He went on to say that the Steuban (Avondale) breaker was never fired by accident, but that he was a party of six who fired it. Then giving his own name he undertook to give others, but could only articulate what was understood to be "Michael," when a fainting fit attacked him from which he did not rally, dying shortly after. It will of course never be known what he intended to divulge, but he has certainly left enough behind him to confirm the belief of some who have held that the burning of the breaker was through foul means, and it may open the way to find out whether there is really any foundation for the belief. And should investigation show that there was foul play, we hope that not a stone may be left unturned to bring the wretches, who could plan and carry out so dastardly and awful a scheme, to summary and effective retribution.

LOSSES BY THE WISCONSIN FIRES.—A correspondent of the Milwaukee Wisconsin, who has travelled through the burned region in Wisconsin, places the number of lives sacrificed at 750. The loss of property estimated as follows:

A medium estimate of damage to pine land in the Green Bay region is $400,000. The damage on the Wolf is figured at $800,000. There is abundance of hard wood left in places. The damage to individuals may amount to $800,000. The loss of fifteen saw mills burned is put at $225,000. The loss of cordwood, ties, hemlock, bark, etc., is set down at $200,000. The losses of fences, buildings, wagons, cattle and crops among the 600 farmers cannot be less than $600,000, making a total aggregate of more than $3,000,000, aside from those at Peshtigo.

There are three hundred or more wounded sufferers remaining in hotels, boarding houses and hospitals about the bay. Burned ears, faces, hands and feet are common to nearly all. Many in rooms can hardly stir in bed. There are women with great burns on their sides and limbs, with faces like kettles and hands like claws, burned to the bones. Men could fight better and bear more than women. Most of them perished by suffocation. Little children are sadly maimed in their feet and faces. Nearly all will recover without loss of sight or limb.

THE MORDAUNT SCANDAL.—The Mordaunt scandal, in which the Prince of Wales was so deeply involved, is likely to be revived in England, Sir Charles, the injured husband, refusing either to support his wife or to allow matters to remain in *statu quo*. The lady, it will be remembered, was declared insane, merely because she confessed she had had improper intercourse with the heir apparent to the throne and several other members of high life in England, but, after being shut up for nearly twelve months in a private lunatic asylum, it is found that she has no madness about her, and that her confessions have every probability of being true. In these circumstances the husband has declined to acquiesce in a proposition by her father, a Scotch baronet named Sir Thomas Moncriefe, that the latter shall in future maintain her, but that all proceedings shall be dropped, and that she shall continue to bear Sir Charles' name. The head of the house of Mordaunt refuses this, and, considering that she has brought indelible disgrace upon his family, insists on absolute separation and divorce, so that rich details may be expected unless another subservient British judge be found to stop the proceedings on the ground that a lady must necessarily be insane who makes admissions impeaching the morality of the heir to the throne.—*N. Y. Star.*

—Frost and snow are playing havoc with human life out West. In Kansas five men, supposed to be buffalo hunters, and large numbers of cattle, were frozen to death during the recent storm. The bodies of the men were taken into Kansas City on Saturday, and others are still missing. In the canons of little Cottonwood, Utah, the loss of life by the snow slides was greater than at first reported. Quite a number of persons are believed to be lost. In Montana Territory two companies of the Seventh Infantry were caught in the storm and compelled to camp out. Many of the men were severely frost-bitten.

—Says the Pittsburgh *Leader* of Tuesday: Forty Catholic children *expelled* from the Hunter's-point school, Long Island, New York, because they refused to read the Bible at the command of the directors. These violent Protestant gentlemen doubtless think they have done some valiant missionary work in turning out these children of taxpayers from the privileges of the common school because they would not conform to a newly-made religious test which their parents and spiritual guides rebel against. It strikes us as an outrage.

—The Cabinet-makers have started a number of rumors within a day or two. Among them are the following: That Edward Pierrepont, is to go into the State Department: that Secretary Fish will be sent to Great Britain, in place of General Schenck, to be removed; that Secretary Robeson will go as Minister to Prussia, and that ex-Senator Williams, of Oregon, will succeed him in the Navy Department.

FALL BULLETIN.

CAUSES!

We have bought more largely, and therefore more cheaply, than ever before.

We have selected EVERY PIECE of Goods with the utmost care, and had EVERY YARD examined, and well SPONGED before making-up.

We have rejected all COTTON Goods, and have manufactured nothing but ALL WOOL.

We have studied all the New Styles—English, French, and American—and have adopted only the best, together with many New Designs originated by Ourselves.

We have made many improvements in Making-up, and have more confidence than ever in the superiority of our Workmanship.

We have labored to suit all tastes, and have Plain Styles as well as more Fashionable Cuts, and every variety of Shade and Material.

We have determined to do a Larger Trade than ever, and so have combined every Inducement that can possibly be offered.

OAK HALL,
MARKET
AND
SIXTH STS.

WANAMAKER
AND
BROWN.

1871.
AUTUMN.

CONSEQUENCES!

Our Stock is even more varied, and our Prices even lower, than ever before.

Our Clothing will more than sustain its reputation of being the most Reliable and Durable in the market.

Our Customers will be in no danger of having "Cotton Stuff" palmed off on them.

Our Fall Clothing has a Stylishness and Genteel Appearance which cannot fail to attract and please all Gentlemen of good taste.

Our present Stock will be less liable than any other to any of the mishaps which sometimes befall other Ready-Made Clothing.

Our Stock is sure to contain what will suit all classes and conditions of Men and Boys, both as to Goods and Prices.

Our Customers, old and new, will be delighted with our preparations for the present Fall and Winter Trade.

OAK HALL,
MARKET
AND
SIXTH STS.

News of the Week.

—A gentleman of Mifflin county claims to have caught a white squirrel.

—The Bradford *Argus* is boasting about a cabbage head that weighed 19½ pounds.

One of the girl graduates of the Princeton (Ill.) High School is now driving team hauling brick for her brother.

—Rev. J. S. Burke, a Catholic priest, was run over and fatally injured by the cars, at Worcester, Mass., on the night of the 28th.

—A man named Wilson, living on Kickapoo Island, a few miles from Leavenworth, Kansas, shot his two sons on Monday. One of the boys will undoubtedly die.

—A Newfoundland dog swam out to a wreck off the English coast, seized a line thrown by the captain, and swam back with it to the shore, and by this means saved the whole crew.

—Hon. William Millward, Director of the Mint under President Johnson, died at Chesapeake City on Wednesday. He was at one time Representative in Congress from the Third district of this State.

—Mr. A. Crawford of Connecticut has a 160-acre farm which is located in three towns, and the same number of counties, viz: Chatham, in Middlesex county; Colchester, in New London; and Marlboro, in Hartford.

—An investigation into the origin of the Chicago fire is in progress. On Sunday a witness said that the old part of the Courthouse roof was tar-covered. Forty States and Territories have sent $2,508,000 cash for the relief of the sufferers.

—There are two vacancies in the Senate of the United States; one caused by the death of Senator Goldthwaite, of Alabama, and one in North Carolina, by the rejection of Governor Vance. The house is complete.

—Hon. George W. Woodward, formerly President Judge of the Clearfield judicial district, and for many years on the Supreme Bench, was married on the 16th to Mrs. E. H. McAllister, a worthy lady of Lexington, Kentucky.

—St. Mary's Catholic Church, at Portsmouth, N. H., has been burned, and the residence of Father Walsh, the priest, which was connected with the Church, nearly consumed. Loss, $20,000; insurance, $12,000. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

A miner named Henry Casswell, an Englishman, aged about 35 years, was instantly killed at No. 2 slope, Harleigh, on the 20th instant, by the premature discharge of a blast. One half of the poor fellow's head was entirely blown off. He was a widower, and leaves two young children.

—The trial against Brigham Young and others for lewd and lascivious cohabitation was on Tuesday definitely fixed for Monday next. Young's counsel asked for a further postponement on the ground that his client could not possibly appear on such short notice, but the court was immovable.

—Miss Bertha Gerolt, oldest daughter of Baron Gerolt, long Minister from Prussia to our country, was left here by her own request, when her parents returned to Prussia, last spring. Miss Gerolt is preparing to enter a convent, and no efforts of her parents or her sister, Madame Rangabe, could alter her purpose of taking the white veil.

—A countryman, who visited Greenville, Tenn., had his attention attracted by the glittering sign of the Andes Insurance Company. He looked at it long and intently, and then broke out in a joyful exclamation: "Well, I knowed old Andy would be at something afore long; I tell yer, they can't keep him down; no, they can't," and walked on.

—It is said that $10,000, raised to defeat more for the Presidency, was put in the hands of Lincoln, of the Albany *Journal*, in his own name, to be drawn as wanted. A few days afterward Lincoln dropped dead in the streets. The money of course went to swell the estate of the deceased. A few months passed, and Mr. Fillmore married the widow—and the $10,000.

—E. Chambers, station-agent at Midford, on branch of the Boston and Maine railroad, met his death in a very singular way a few days ago. His little daughter was sick with the diptheria and he put his hand on her mouth for some purpose or other. The child seized upon his hand and bit it. The marks of the teeth were very slight, but the skin was broken and the poison from the teeth was transmitted through Mr. Chambers' system. After a week's illness, during which time his body became much swollen, he died.

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The only RELIABLE GIFT DISTRIBUTION in the country!
L. D. SINE'S EIGHTEENTH
GRAND ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION!
To be Drawn Monday, January 1st, 1872.
$200,000.00
IN VALUABLE GIFTS!
Two Grand Capital Prizes!
$10,000 IN AMERICAN GOLD!
$10,000 IN AMERICAN SILVER!
Five Prizes of $1,000 } in GREENBACKS
Ten Prizes of $500 }
One Span of Matched Horses, with Family Carriage and Silver-Mounted Harness, worth $1,500!
Five Horses & Buggies, with Silver-Mounted Harness, worth $600 each.
Five Fine-Toned Rosewood Pianos, worth [illegible] each!
25 Family Sewing Machines, worth [illegible] each.
2300 Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches (in all), worth from $20 to $300 each.
Ladies' Gold Leontine and Gent's Gold Vest Chains, Solid and Double-Plated Silver Table and Teaspoons, Photograph Albums, Jewelry, &c., &c., &c.
Number of Gifts, 25,000! ..... Tickets limited to [illegible]
AGENTS WANTED to Sell Tickets, to whom Liberal Premiums will be given.
SINGLE TICKETS $2; SIX TICKETS $10; TWELVE TICKETS $20; TWENTY-FIVE TICKETS $40.
Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to
OFFICE, L. D. SINE, Box 86,
101 W. 5th St., CINCINNATI, O.

AGENTS WANTED FOR A
BOOK THAT WILL SELL!
FIFTY YEARS IN THE MAGIC CIRCLE
BY THE RENOWNED
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This is an original, interesting and illustrative work, full of rare fun and humor, being an account of the AUTHOR'S PROFESSIONAL LIFE, his wonderful tricks and feats, with laughable incidents and adventures as a Magician, Necromancer and Ventriloquist. Illustrated with
16 FULL PAGE ENGRAVINGS,
besides the Author's Portrait on steel, and numerous small cuts.
The volume is free from any objectionable matter, being high-toned and moral in its character, and will be read with deep interest by old and young. It gives the most graphic and thrilling accounts of the effects of his wonderful feats and magical tricks, causing the most uncontrollable merriment and laughter.
Circulars, Terms, &c., with full information, sent free on application to
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LADIES' FANCY FURS!

JOHN FAREIRA
718 Arch St.,
Middle of the Block, between 7th & 8th Sts. South Side,
PHILADELPHIA.
Importer, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds and quality of
FANCY FURS
For Ladies' and Children's Wear.
Having imported a very large and splendid assortment of all the different kinds of Furs from first hands in Europe, and have had them made up by the most skillful workmen, would respectfully invite the readers of this paper to call and examine his very large and beautiful assortment of Fancy Furs for Ladies and Children. I am determined to sell at as low prices as any other respectable House in this city. All Furs warranted. No misrepresentation to effect sales.
JOHN FAREIRA,
Oct. 21.-3m. 718 ARCH STREET, PHILA'A.

1871. PHILADELPHIA 1871.
WALL PAPERS
HOWELL & BOURKE,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Paper Hangings and Window Shades,
Wholesale and Retail Salesrooms,
CORNER FOURTH AND MARKET STS,
PHILADELPHIA.
Factory—Corner Twenty-third and Sansom Sts.
Nov. 25, 1871.-3m.

Cambria Freeman.

SATURDAY, : : : : : DEC. 2, 1871.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Haps and Mishaps at and near Home.

—Another episode in the family circle, and now for being epi-sewed up on the undisturbed slumber question.

—Miss Sue Kirkead slipped from the doorsteps of the Presbyterian church, in this place, on Sunday last, and strained her back.

—Old Winter has pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and gone to work in good earnest. There's no fooling about it this time.

—Read the big advertisement of Messrs. A. W. Erwin & Co., dry goods dealers, Allegheny city, about whom we shall have a few words to say next week.

—A man and wife in Loretto named Coons or Kountz, were horrified on waking up a few mornings ago to find their infant some three or four months old, lying dead in the bed between them.

—Mr. Wm Parks, of Hare's Valley, Huntingdon county, about 65 years of age, was twice married and is the father of 26 children, with a prospect of still increasing the number. Nearly all are boys.

—You can throw all the ashes you please on the streets now, especially on windy days when lots of people are passing. The borough dads have expunged the ordinance heretofore in force on that subject.

—The Herald advises vaccination in one column and reports in the next that all the persons lying with the small pox in Latrobe at the present time were previously vaccinated. Slightly mixed, we take it.

—The wee, sma' voice of another olive branch in our household, this time of the masculine persuasion, is added to oft-repeated and now more earnestly urged appeals than ever to delinquents to pay up old scores.

—Mr. Adam Schettig, of Carroll township, has our thanks for a half bushel of as good apples as we are sure the mountain can produce. They are delicious and came just in time for Thanksgiving. Who's next?

—A man named Smiles has been arrested for an alleged attempt to burn down his own house at Houtzdale, Clearfield county. His wife is now disconsolate because her Smiles are hidden behind the iron bars of a prison cell.

—Greensburg is to have a national bank with a capital of $100,000, and Geo. F. Huff, Esq., one of the most deserving of gentlemen, is to be its President. Lucky bank with two such capitals—a capital President and a capital pile.

—A lad named Gorman broke through the ice on the dam Thursday morning, and came near being drowned. A long pole and a strong pull, however, brought him out a wetter but not a wiser boy, for he was at the dam skating the same afternoon.

—A one year old child of Mr. J. J. Wilmore, of Tyrone, was burned so terribly by its clothes taking fire from a lighted stick, with which it was playing during the absence of its mother, on Thursday evening of last week, that it died in a few hours after.

—There are different ways of expressing the same idea. Even boys know this. For instance, we have heard several urchins declare that "the skating is good on the dam," while others more practical and possibly more profane, merely say "dam good skating."

—A daughter of Hiram Gallagher, of Green township, Indiana county, is expected to die from the effects of an oil can and oil lamp explosion, which occurred one day last week. A daughter of Jacob Learn, of the same township, was severely scalded by the accidental upsetting of a boiler full of hot water.

—A few editors brag this week about having been presented with Thanksgiving turkies, but so far as heard from we are "alone in our glory" on the bran new Thanksgiving baby question. A "well spring of pleasure" and a big turkey all on the same day is something worth bragging about, if the court understands itself, and we think it does.

—The Bedford Gazette says: Mr Solomon Helzell, a blind man living in Napier township, has walked to Cambria county and back again this fall, three times, and purchased, drove home and killed six fat cattle. The only assistance he had in driving the cattle and leading him was two small boys, one aged 14 years, the other about 10 years.

—Johnstown and Hollidaysburg were both visited by fires on Thanksgiving day. In Johnstown one of the cupalos of the new steel works was destroyed, involving a loss of about $2,000, and in Hollidaysburg the upper stories of the U. S. Hotel were burned and the remaining portion of the building badly damaged. We did not learn the origin of either of the fires.

—Small pox and scarlet fever are still reaping an abundant harvest in and about Johnstown. Among the more recent victims of the former disease we notice the names of Messrs. Kirk Graham and John Harker, of Conemaugh borough, George Bostard, of Johnstown, and August Snyder and child, of Conemaugh Station. The names of the scarlet fever victims are almost legion.

—Thanksgiving day was more generally observed this year than ever before in our town. The stores, with one or two exceptions, were closed the entire day and business generally suspended. The churches were all open, we believe, but they were not all well attended. We "thanksgived" only about forty minutes—twenty at church and twenty at turkey—but that's what it is to be a printer.

—There is nothing in a name, or else, like dreams, they often go by contraries. We have two subscribers in Luzerne county named Dunning, one of whom lives at Dunmore, and both of whom pay their subscriptions strictly in advance. They need no "Dunning" from us, and if all on our list were like them we would never have to "Dun more." Sorry our patrons are not all of the same stamp.

—Court will commence next Monday. Need we urge upon those indebted to us to avail themselves of the opportunity that will thus be afforded them to either bring or send the amount, or even a portion of the amount, due us, if they can do no better. Those who have not paid for the present year, as well as all others indebted for either subscription, advertising or job work, are of course included in the count.

—The model subscriber is he who pays for his paper one year in advance, but the subscriber who outmodels the model one is he who has already paid in advance and then goes another year on top of it. Of the model kind we haven't near as many as we would like to have, and of the latter we can boast only one, and he is Mr. Wm. Skelly, blacksmith, Wilmore—an honest, intelligent and upright gentleman. May prosperity ever be his, and muchly may his tribe increase and multiply.

—The attention of property owners interested in the subject of insurance is invited to the card of Mr. Geo. J. Rodgers, published elsewhere. The strong testimony he gives in favor of the Companies named cannot but convince any one of their stability and promptness in the adjustment of all losses. We understand that Mr. John E. Roberts, the agent of the Lycoming Insurance Co. in this place, has paid over eighteen thousand dollars of losses by fire of that Company alone during the past six years.

—The Raftman's Journal says: "A man named David Smith, while out hunting deer on last Sunday, in Morris township, Clearfield county, was standing on a stump, with the butt of his gun resting on the same, and his hand on the muzzle of the gun. The gun slipped off, and the hammer struck the stump and discharged the gun, the ball passing through his hand into his stomach, and upward into the heart, where it lodged, killing him instantly. His remains were sent to his home at Rock Forges, Centre county. This should prove another terrible warning to desecrators of the Sabbath day.

BAD ENOUGH to look and feel bad yourself; but no excuse for having your horse look and feel badly, when for a small sum you can buy SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY CONDITION POWDERS, which given in grain two or three times a week, will make him look and feel well.

YOU WILL BE CHARMED—by the present Stock at Oak Hall.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHNSTOWN, Nov. 29, 1871.

DEAR FREEMAN—We have read "Erionach's" last and previous letters from Ireland, and we pronounce them sublime. This is not coloring the idea too highly. A traveler must be a historian also in order to make travel interesting. "Erionach" is all that, and he is some on the turf and the shamrock. We were introduced to him when he was in this country, and we were greatly and favorably impressed with his manners, for he is "child-like and bland"—a kind of a sleeping lion. Bless the boy!

We were at the post-office t'other day. Nobody in but Alf. Petriken. Bless Alf. Petriken, the chief clerk, say we, if he is a Black Republican. He is attentive, obliging, gentlemanly, a good scholar, and would make an excellent postmaster all by himself. If the country is to be cursed by Grant for another term, we trust that he or his P. M. General will do one commendable act at least by appointing Alf. to a post that will remunerate him for his labor, skill and experience in post-office matters—provided they don't do it before that time.

Our city physicians are just now discussing the proposition whether it is necessary to adopt the motto, "More patients and long suffering." Having their hands full, they are "weary in well doing." We hope and pray for their speedy relief.

The Cambria Iron Company are now about completing their large stable, near the butcher shop, on the island. It is a mammoth building and will accommodate all the horses and mules belonging to the Company.

Our merchants are all preparing for the holidays, and some of them are laying in such stocks of dolls, toys, supple-jacks, and sich like, as make the very teeth water. This is a figure of speech, but allowable here.

Co. Sup't T. J. Chapman was down south on picket duty, or inspecting the lines, and he reports full attendance in all the schools, notwithstanding the great amount of sickness.

We have several novel theories to propound at the Institute. One is that while the earth turns round one way it doesn't turn the other. This idea has not yet been mooted! Another is that calms are the cause of storms. This may appear paradoxical, but it is really only doxical. Another is that sunshine is the cause of rain. These ideas, being contraries, are peculiarly appropriate to our mind. Another is that X, in algebra, equals the doctrines of the Republican party, because it means anything at all.

Mr. Editor, we want you to attend the Institute. Even a printer may learn what pi is, and we intend to lecture on that very subject. There are three kinds of pie—pie in the cellar, printer's pi, and pi in geometry—to say nothing of pi-ety, which is an exceeding scarce article.

Buckwheat cakes are now introduced into Johnstown free of duty, owing to the fact that they make the butter fly.

The Benedictine Sisters are very pleasantly situated now. Their new school building is completed, and they have had a new roof put on the old Foster House building; lattice work relieves the porches from the public gaze, a good, close fence surrounds the buildings, and they have a large school in operation.

A couple of maimed soldiers have been plying the hand organ business within the last day or two, and seemed to take in the dimes quite freely. They dearly earn all they get. Soldiers can never be too well paid.

Our Christmas turkey is an anomoly. He was captured in the Rocky Mountains, in the territory of Utah, on the Humbolt river, near the Humbolt mountains. He weighs 15.5 pounds and eats 2.2 pints of corn every day. We intend to get him slaughtered at the Company's butcher shop. It will take 1.1 butchers to kill him, and .5 to salt him up. We paid the round sum of .555335 dollars for him, and consider that we made a good bargain. We will send you or any other editor one-half of him cleaned, cooked and ready for the table for .353571 dollars. Now is the time to save money.

☞The moon has got the small pox. It rose at 6 o'clock Sunday evening, with blotches all over its face. It must have been convalescent, however, or it could not have got up. Some think it will never shine as bright as it did, but we think that the dimples cannot be seen long at the distance of 240,000 miles.

The steel works are now running at their greatest capacity. They turn out excellent rails, which are bought up as fast as they are manufactured.

The Woodvale School Board met on Friday night last and examined into all the operations of the school, which they approved by a unanimous vote, and then passed a complimentary resolution in behalf of the teacher. This is a very energetic and business-like board. The President is T. L. Bingaman; Secretary, C. W. Easly; Treasurer, Ed. Thomas, Jr. The other members of the board are Ed. Thomas, sr., Wm Beck and David Lucas. They have supplied the school with new furniture, hydrant water, maps, charts, blackboards, and all other necessary apparatus, and have voted the teacher the requisite time to attend the Institute.

ROB ROY.

["Rob Roy's" homily on slander and slanderers has been forced to take a back pew until next week.—ED.]

JOHNSTOWN, Nov. 25, 1871.

FRIEND HENRY—I take exception to a few statements of your Johnstown correspondent in his letter of the present week. He says: "The Hook and Ladder Company and Assistance Fire Company failed to put in an appearance" during the alarm of fire on Saturday last. Now the truth is that the A. F. Co.'s bell sounded the alarm (which your correspondent inadvertantly admits) and the A. F. Co. "put in an appearance" with both of its hose trucks. The fire was not "easily put out," but was allowed to burn out, the "raging element" devouring nothing but the soot in the chimney.

The A. F. Co. ran out both hose trucks, found the alarm was false, returned to the house, and the Secretary called the roll—all within ten minutes after the first alarm was given. Your correspondent must have strolled "around that way" an hour or so after the alarm. If he can't report local affairs correctly, let him confine himself exclusively to poetry or romance, either of which require IMAGINATION.

Yours, truly, JAMES QUINN.

SLIFER, PA., Nov. 27, 1871.

DEAR MAC—Thinking the following item of news might not prove uninteresting to the majority of your readers, I submit it to your notice: J. R. Conklin, proprietor of the First National Hotel in this place, killed three large hogs, the average weight of each of which was seven hundred and eighty (780) pounds, making a grand total of two thousand three hundred and forty (2,340) pounds. One of these mammoth porkers measured nine feet six inches from tip to tip and six feet seven inches around the body. The other two were in like proportion. Now if Cambria can beat that, let us hear from you. More anon.

Yours, truly, J. M. OTTERSON.

—On Wednesday afternoon, when the conviction had forced itself upon our mind that our Thanksgiving dinner was to be turkeyless, a happy faced, bright eyed little lad appeared upon the scene with a decapitated turkey in one hand and a billet doux in the other. With thought intent on gallinaceous bipeds, we were not long in taking in the situation, and a hasty scanning of the neatly written note revealed the fact that the good little boys of Mt. Gallitzin Seminary, whose hearts are too big for their diminutive bodies, had done us this very considerate act of kindness. Having a Presidential proclivity for gift taking, we accepted the proffered bird, and a good square meal on Thanksgiving day followed as a matter of course. And now with a heart filled to overflowing, (not to say anything of any other fulness,) we return our sincere thanks to the pupils of Mt. Gallitzin Seminary, and trust that God may ever bless and prosper them, as well as the good Sisters who are laboring so zealously for their moral and educational advancement.

A CARD.—*Editor Freeman:* Allow me through your columns to speak a word of praise in regard to the promptness with which the Cambria, Lycoming and Ætna Insurance Companies came to my rescue after the destructive fire of October 24th, which consumed my mill, machinery, and a large amount of manufactured stuff. All the above companies adjusted my claims promptly and fairly, notwithstanding the heavy losses which some of them have sustained by the Chicago fire, and I would most cheerfully recommend them to all parties desiring to insure their property, and would say to all insure and protect yourselves from sudden loss. GEO. J. RODGERS.

THE THOMPSON STORE.—It is a fact undeniable that when any article of goods specially elegant or desirable is sought for, the place resorted to is the long-established Thompson store. The beauty and superiority of the goods at this establishment are apparent at all times, but just now is even excels itself in the immensity and excellence of its stock. If you desire anything particularly nice for the holidays, or any other day, go to Thompson's and you can buy it right. Advertisement next week.

LEAVES have their time to fall and falls have their time to leave, and that every one should take time to call on Spence and get their pictures taken, we verily do believe. There is no question about Mr. Spence's ability to furnish pictures in the highest style of the art and at the lowest style of prices, and just now is the acceptable time to get your pictures taken to present to your friends during the holidays.

THE THIEF who was arrested for robbing Parsons' store, in this town, was found to have a quantity of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR in his possession. When asken why he wished to steal that article, he answered that he "wanted to restore his hair, for it was hard to be a thief and bald too." If that invention of the great chemist could restore a faded character as effectually as it does the natural beauty to bald and gray heads, it would surely be, as they say it now is, truly invaluable.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

LETTER FROM PITTSBURGH.

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 29, 1871.

DEAR FREEMAN—On Saturday afternoon last we were blessed with a few hours of charming weather, considering the season. The sunshone brightly and warm, and the air was just crisp enough to render outdoor exercise and operations pleasant. Your correspondent chanced to have at the time an eligible location on Sixth street, where he could view the throng of pedestrians passing and repassing to the tune of one hundred a minute. It was interesting to an unsophisticated youth to observe the "style in which it was done" by the motley crowd as it hurried along. Every one seemed to be going some place and having a distinct object in view. The ladies, hundreds in number, and as a class gorgeously and wonderfully made up, were on shopping tours and leisurely wending their way to the matinees given at the several places of amusement. Some were pretty, some were passable, and (will you believe it?) some were positively ugly—still the pretty faces predominated. Business men, with bank books in hand, were hurrying along at almost break-neck speed, endeavoring to reach the banks before the hour of closing. "Nice young men," the "by-Jove" and Dundreary fellows, were crowding the corners awaiting those (male and female) who had made appointments to meet them there. Now and then one or more would disappear to "see a man," which, literally translated, means to take a drink. Devies of "social evil" were parading to and fro, decked in all the gaudy paraphernalia of their calling, endeavoring to make the good bad and the bad worse, and thereby eke out a miserable existence. The multitude was also liberally interspersed with the element denominated by the would-be philanthropist as the "poor, downtrodden black race." There was the buxom wench in gay plumage and mammoth panier, and by her side was Sambo, gotten up regardless of expense, both as regards fragrance and "silver-mounted harness." Some cruel wag as he beholds them startles his companion with the oft-repeated conundrum, "How is that for high?" It is now past 3 o'clock, and a small army of newsboys are to be seen rushing down the street, yelling at the top of their voices, "Here's your evening papers—*Chronicle* three cents, *Leader* two—buy one?" Acquaintance and stranger are alike pleadingly besought to buy a paper as onward the little Arabs go, accumulating in their rounds sufficient currency to take them to some place of amusement in the evening and enable them to lay in their Sunday supply of tobacco and cigars, while a few, to their credit be it said, are working with heart and soul to procure the bread and meat wherewith an almost famishing family can be kept from want over Sunday. If newsboys as a class are bad, there are in their ranks some noble little fellows. I will write no more on this subject now. What I have above described is an every day scene on our principal thoroughfares, and let those who disbelieve my statement, if any there be, come and see for themselves.

The Woman Suffrage Convention met as per announcement, and their meetings averaged a fair attendance. A number of women, whose names have become familiar in connection with this movement, were present and spoke their pieces. Among them were Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Jenkins, and Mrs. Hindman. I do not suppose that what was said at the convention will influence many minds in this community to any great extent, but it must be admitted that a good deal of common sense and downright solid argument was promulgated, and I for one unhesitatingly say let 'em vote, providing they all vote the democratic ticket, which of course they will.

Nearly $30,000 was expended in Pittsburgh last week for amusements alone. With all this prodigal expenditure of money we are almost hourly told the money market was never so tight in this city as at present writing; and I presume it is true, as there is an indication in the above statement of something being *tight*.

If it be true that "coming events cast their shadows before," the population of Pittsburgh will be very materially increased within the next three months.

The number of deaths from small pox in the city is, I am glad to say, on the decrease. There were fifty-eight new cases and fourteen deaths last week. In Allegheny city the malady is rapidly spreading from street to street, and five of the Mayor's police are now down with it. The disease has reached several of the surrounding towns, and the inhabitants thereof are terribly frightened. It is consoling to know that if many of our citizens are to be prostrated by the various ills that flesh is heir to, we have physicians who are remarkably successful in the treatment of all disorders now prevalent in the community and its surroundings. Among our most prominent and successful physicians are the Drs. Oldshue. They are not only scientific physicians, but gentlemen of the highest culture and probity. Their method of treating diseases, although somewhat peculiar, is based upon physiological and pathological facts, and the true nature and extent of diseases are accurately determined by occular inspection, chemical analysis and microscopic examination of the urine. This is no idle theory; but their entire system of practice is based upon fixed principles of science. The marked success of these gentlemen in curing the worst maladies known to the profession is not only convincing evidence of the correctness of their theory, but affords ample proof of their professional skill and ability. Some of the most respectable citizens of Allegheny and surrounding counties can testify from personal experience as to the truth of this statement, and I know whereof I speak when I say that I can heartily recommend the Drs. Oldshue to all the unfortunates who may stand in need of their services. Their office is No. 132 Grant street. VAG.

WASHER AND WRINGER.—Mr. Ed. Mann, of St. Augustine, has obtained the right to manufacture and sell in the townships of Clearfield, Allegheny, Munster, Cambria, Blacklick, Carroll and Chest, and the boroughs of Ebensburg, Loretto, Chest Springs and Carrolltown, a very valuable and needful machine called the Practical Washer and Wringer, (Knox's Patent,) and one which we believe will accomplish all that is claimed for it. We have not the space to speak of this great household blessing in detail, but as Mr. Mann is now canvassing his district, no doubt all will have an opportunity to see and judge of its merits. He is prepared to show by practical demonstration that it will accomplish wonders as a clothes cleanser and save labor and money to every housekeeper, and the machine looks as if it was equal to the emergency. It is cheaper too, considering that it is both a washer and wringer, than any similar machines in the market.

WANTED.—Agents to sell the Patent Adjustable Stove Shelves, an article of great practical value to every family in the land. These Shelves can readily be attached to any stove, and are absolutely an indispensable article.—Where they have once been used for raising bread and biscuit, warming plates and victuals, or drying any small article, doing away with burnt pies, vegetables, meats, etc., which have been placed into the oven of the Cook Stove in good condition to be warmed, but are unfortunately forgotten, and have been burnt or dried.

Persons desiring to carry on a profitable business during the winter, will find it to their interest to send for a descriptive Circular, to DEMMLER BROTHERS, No. 126 Smithfield street, Pittsburgh Pa.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for *Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.* Parties wishing the prescription will please address

11-11.-1y. REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
264 South Third St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

ABOUT DRESSING.—It was all well enough for our first parents, before sin entered the world, to gallivant around in the original package, but in these degenerate days modesty and comfort both forbid a fig leaf attire, and hence the necessity, particularly at this inclement season of the year, for just such dress goods for ladies and gents as A. J. Christy keeps in almost endless variety at his cheap store in Loretto. Be your needs what they may, Andy can almost invariably supply them at fair prices.

PUSH ALONG!—Push is a good thing; all progressive people have it. The world demands it—must have it—would go to the wall without it. So "push along, keep moving," and while your hand is in don't fail to push your way into L. Cohen's elegant Hat Parlor, No. 227 Main street, Johnstown, and then push your head into a neat and fashionable hat or cap, there kept in great profusion and sold at figures the most reasonable. Also trunks, shirts, etc.

TRADE WINDS.—Tell me, ye winged winds that round my pathway roar—tell, oh! tell me where, oh! where I'll find the cheapest store? The winds replied and this they said, I've never yet in all my trade have had the luck to suit my mind more fully in goods, of every kind than at John J. Murphy's store complete, whose stock and prices no one can beat. Mansion House Corner, Main and Franklin sts., Johnstown. Go there and buy.

DON'T GIVE UP.—'Tis folly to fret or get into a pet about the trials or cares that come on unawares; 'twould be better by far to take things as they are, and ever seek to beguile with a laugh or a smile all our troubles and ills, or else make a visit to Mills, and with cash to pay down, get the best flour in town, or feed, or brooms, or oil, or hams, or something else, very cheap indeed.

THE PITTSBURGH (PA.) *Leader* says: "The firm of GEO. P. ROWELL & CO. is the largest and best Advertising Agency in the United States, and we can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business *scientifically* and *systematically* in such a way; that is, to secure the largest amount of publicity for the least expenditure of money."

"SHOOT FOLLY AS IT FLIES," and stop using preparations on your head which are composed of *poisons*. Use Nature's Hair Restorative, which by its cleanliness, fragrance and purity commends itself. See advertisement.

IT WILL PAY YOU—to go to Philadelphia for a new suit of W. & B.'s Clothing.

JOHN GSCHEIDLY, ALIAS "KAISER."—*Johnstown's Notorious Character—Who He Is, and Where He Came From.*—It is strange that of a character so well known to Johnstown and vicinity as poor old "Kaiser," so little of his past history is generally known. His eccentricities have caused many to laugh, and his sad condition awakens sorrow, yet how few who are amused at him or pity his miserable condition are acquainted with the man as he was "in days past." Thinking, therefore, perhaps, a sketch of his past life would be interesting to our readers, and especially to those in town, who see him daily on the streets, we have gathered together as many facts as possible concerning him.

John Gscheidly, familiarly known as "Kaiser," was born in the town of Michelbach, on the River Biltz, in the County of Geildorf, Kingdom of Woertemburg, in the year 1812. He was apprenticed when quite young to a nail-maker, and worked at the business in his native town, until he came to this country—in 1850. He first landed in New York, thence went to Philadelphia, and then to Baltimore. At Baltimore he purchased a peddler's outfit, and set out on his journey over the country. He came to Johnstown in 1854. Here he abandoned the "pack," bought himself a horse and wagon with the money his frugality had saved him in his business frame, and started the legitimate business of peddling "old iron." He worked hard and faithfully for several years, until he found himself in the possession of three or four houses. He was, and is, strictly honest, placing confidence in every one, and thinking every one as honest as himself. Had it not been for this false confidence in his fellow creatures, poor, miserable, crazy "Kaiser" might yet be in the possession of what is justly his.

To the loss of his property, and the loss of some money which he had accumulated beside, to the use of liquor to excess, to sorrow and trouble, may be attributed his total loss of reason, the ruin of mind and body of John Gscheidly.

Since his derangement he has worked but little. His greatest enjoyment as well as business seems to be the purchase and sale of dogs and cats. He is as fond of dogs as Caligula was of his horse. He received the appellation "Kaiser" from a full suit of uniform which he wore for a long time, and from his personification of the character of "emperor," in which he took great delight.

He has not had for many years any definite place of residence. His nights, during the summer time, he usually spent in some barn, his days in the streets, in the society of dumb brutes. The few past winters he has spent in the Poor House, and the frosts and snows of the approaching one will ere long again drive him to some warmer quarters than the open air.

And "Kaiser" once loved, too. He had his heart set on the daughter of a Lutheran minister in his native land, but the dignity of the latter and the humble position of the former rendered the "match" impossible.

So that is poor "Kaiser"—at least as much of him as it is possible for us to learn. He is an old man, and his years have been aught else but happy; he has passed through the world a wandering, laughed-at, poor, sorrowful man; but as we see him pass along the streets, and notice the trembling limbs, the wrecked and tottering frame, we think the grave will soon claim him for its own, and then, perhaps, poor "Kaiser" will learn why it is that in this life some have all the pleasure and others all the pain.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

"THE ALDINE" FOR JANUARY, 1872.—Much curiosity has been aroused to see this new "Champion of America Art," and the publishers, to gain a fruitful harvest by a timely gratification of this very natural feeling, have brought out the initial issue a month before the usual time.

Perhaps the first feature to attract the attention of old acquaintances is the change from green to buff in the color of the cover—hardly an improvement except so far as to prepare for the greater changes inside.

The verdict, which they have been so long anxiously working for, must be favorable. The fulfillment is certainly up to the promise—which is saying a great deal.

On investigation we find that the almost extravagant excellence of last year's paper has been improved upon, the paper of this number being nearly one-half heavier. The surface also seems better adapted to the rendering of those fine tints and delicate grays which the printers of THE ALDINE know how to render so exquisitely.

We also find that the advertisements have been restricted to the wrapper, and an additional sheet inserted, giving seven more pages to the paper—space well improved under the judicious care of the new post editor.

As a first number the one now before us speaks well for the management of Mr. Stoddart, who will well merit all that has been conceded since the announcement of his assumption of the editor ship.

All the pictures are very good, and we do not hesitate to pronounce this "new departure" a decided success from the start—an artistic gain for the periodical and a triumph of American taste and enterprise. The publishers should have the support of every public spirited citizen, and we hope our town will be well represented on the subscription books of THE ALDINE. Terms $5 00 per year. For circular and particulars address James Sutton & Co., 23 Liberty St., New York.

GEIS & FOSTER.

GRAND OPENING OF FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS AND DRESS GOODS

The attention of the Ladies is directed to our immense stock of Millinery Goods, comprising a grand assortment of French Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Silks, Velvets, Ornaments in endless profusion, and the latest styles of Trimmed Bonnets and Hats, which we have always on hand, or we can supply any lady with trimmed Hats or Bonnets at shortest notice and in a style which we guarantee will give entire satisfaction. We are now offering special and extraordinary inducements in Fall and Winter Dress Goods, Double Warp Alpacas, Poplins, Velveteens, Waterproofs, Cassimeres, Flannels, Blankets, Linens, Muslins, Prints, Ginghams, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, Dress Trimmings, and a full variety of Small Wares, Zephyr Worsted and Germantown Wool, at prices to suit all.

A magnificent line of Black and Colored Silks in Glace and Gros Grain, at prices ranging from $1 to $4.

A new, complete and elegant display of Single and Double Broche, Paisley and Thibet Shawls, at from $3 to $50, and hundreds of Woolen Shawls at very reduced prices. We have also opened a splendid line of Ladies' and Children's FANCY FURS, AT LOWEST PRICES. A full and varied assortment of Carpets, Oil Cloths and Window Shades always on hand. Also, the very choicest of live Geese Feathers. All of the above and much more can be bought for the cash at the lowest market rates from

GEIS & FOSTER,
Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street,
Johnstown, Pa.

JUST THE THING!—Economy and comfort has at last been combined in the matter of a Spring Bed Bottom, and the result may now be seen at the cabinet ware establishment of Mr. Robert Evans, in this place, that gentleman having bought the right of this county for Glenn's Patent Wooden Spring Bed Bottom, certainly the most simple, satisfactory and cheapest invention of the kind that has yet been introduced to the public, of which the strong testimonials in its favor from well known gentlemen in Pittsburg bear ample proof. Mr. Evans is prepared to manufacture and fit these patent bottoms to any kind of a bed for five dollars each, or will sell shop rights on most reasonable terms. Everybody should go and see this new and desirable invention.

HICKEY'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.—John Hickey, Undertaker, on Julian street, Fourth Ward, Altoona, is prepared to supply Metalic Burial Cases of all sizes and patterns, and on reasonable terms.

Mr. Hickey keeps constantly on hand a large stock of new and fashionable furniture, and those who require anything in his line should give him a call. Every article sent from his rooms will be warranted as represented.

Hair and Straw Matrasses manufactured to order at less than city prices.

Cane seat chairs re-caned and fitted up as good as new.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to. [jul.13.-tf.]

OH! where are you going, my amiable friend?—oh! where are you going? said he. I am going a new suit of clothes to buy from James J. Murphy. Oh! where does he keep, my amiable friend?—oh! where does he keep? said he. He keeps at 109 Clinton street,—and his store you shall quickly see. Then I will go with you, my amiable friend—then I will go with you, said he. So they both went together and with suits for cold weather they were soon fitted to a T, T. T! Go thou and do likewise, reader. Star Clothing Hall, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown.

WEAR LIKE IRON—Wanamaker & Brown's very day Clothes.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing or otherwise interfering with the following personal property, owned by me, and left in the hands of John Stevens of Allegheny township, Cambria county, viz: 2 Bay Mares and Harness, 1 Wagon, 2 Cows, 1 Clock, 2 Sleds, 2 Stoves, 1 Bureau, 2 Tables, 1 Stand, 1 Spinning Wheel.

DAVID STEPHENS.

Gallitzin Twp., Dec. 2, 1871.-3t.-$*

HYMENIAL.

CHASE—MURRAY.—Married, at the Catholic church in this place, on Tuesday last, by Rev. Father Christy, Mr. STEPHEN A. CHASE and Miss ANNIE E. MURRAY, all of Ebensburg.

You couldn't guess, dear reader, what came with the above welcome notice; at least we suspect you couldn't, for we doubt whether you have seen anything of the kind for many a long day. Well, we'll tell you—two silver half dollars. Think of that, brother editors, and weep! Two silver half dollars, and one of them has a hole in it. We were almost tempted to return the latter, as it might be found useful to the newly wedded some day, but it is well enough we kept it, considering a little event that has since transpired. And now, Stephen and Annie, stand up and let us give you our blessing. May the happiness of the happiest mortal that ever lived be lilliputian in width, breadth, height and depth when compared with the happiness which we hope is in store for both of you, and as the coming years *chase* each other down the vista of time, may each recurring one find you *Murray* in heart, healthy in body, loving in disposition, prosperous in the ways of the world, and always prepared to lay aside the vanities of this life and assume the blissful realities of the life to come.

No bride more bucksome could be found,
Nor Annie with more grace;
But now her *Murray* name is lost—
It perished in the *Chase*.
No more shall he find Annie dear
In her loved maiden name;
Yet much his married heart he'll cheer
By housing smaller game.

OBITUARY.

SHARBAUGH.—Died, at Summitville, on Nov. 23d, STELLA M., youngest daughter of John and Mary Sharbaugh, aged 3 years.

There is another little hand
To heaven's sweet harp-string given—
Another gentle seraph's voice—
Another babe in heaven.

CONVERY—Died, in Loretto, on Sunday last, of croup, MARY KATE, daughter of James and Mary Convery, aged about 5 years.

NEW

DRY GOODS BAZAAR!

When you visit the city, do not fail to call and see the

New Dry Goods Bazaar

—or—

A. W. ERWIN & CO.,

172 & 174

FEDERAL STREET!

ALLEGHENY CITY.

The Handsomest Dry Goods Emporium in the State.

OUR MOTTO:

GOOD GOODS AT LOW PRICES.

Through the Season we are in receipt of

NEW GOODS EVERY DAY!

Our Stock is always full, fresh and complete.

We respectfully ask the attention of

WHOLESALE BUYERS

To our Stock, as our Wholesale Department is at all times fully supplied with goods which we offer, either by the piece or package, at the lowest

NEW YORK OR PHILADELPHIA PRICES.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

ERWIN'S DRY GOODS BAZAAR,

Nos. 172 & 174 Federal St.,

[Dec. 2.-1y.] ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.

THE POST

—FOR—

1872.

The year 1872 will be one fraught with unusual political interests to the people of the entire country, there being a President and a Congress to elect, besides several important State elections.

Upon the result of that election depends the future welfare and perpetuity of our political institutions.

They can best be saved by circulating among the voters such newspapers as advocate a free, liberal, Constitutional Government.

In the future as in the past we shall continue to labor unceasingly for a government of

FREE PRINCIPLES;

and at all times and under all circumstances defend and sustain such a government against all attacks, it matters not what pretext may be set up to accomplish its overthrow.

WE WILL ADVOCATE

the following propositions as essential to the preservation of our political institutions against the machinations of the unscrupulous leaders of the Radical party:

1. The administration of the Government in consonance with the pure and patriotic principles laid down by the founder of the Republic.
2. Opposition to military rule and dictation under any pretext or alleged necessity.
3. Equal rights to all citizens, including the right of every citizen to be tried for an alleged offence in the civil courts, in strict accordance with the letter and spirit of the Constitution.
4. Free and fair elections everywhere, without interference by the President or intimidation by Federal bayonets.
5. Reduced taxation, honest, economical government, and Civil Service Reform.
6. A financial policy that will not oppress the productive industries of the country.
7. An end to lobby schemes, monopolies and land grabbing.
8. A change of the public administration and the overthrow of the cormorants who are now depleting the public treasury.
9. The overthrow of the corrupt State governments in the South which impose heavier burdens of taxation upon the North by keeping half the country in a state of Bankruptcy and Poverty.

THE WEEKLY POST

Will not only reflect the sentiments of the Democratic party fearlessly, boldly and with a decent firmness, but will also be a vehicle of News.

THE LATEST MARKETS,

down to the hour of going to press, including not only the Live Stock Markets of Pittsburgh and Allegheny, but of every principal point in the world.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS

will be made a specialty, while the Arts, Agriculture, Science, Literature, &c., will each receive a proper share of attention. THE WEEKLY POST is a *forty-eight column* newspaper, printed on the best material, with clear new type, and will be published at the following low

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy 1 year.......................$2.00
In clubs of 5 or more.................1.50

An extra copy sent free where the club exceeds ten.

THE DAILY POST by mail, per annum, $8.00.

We ask all who desire to see the principles above set forth put into practical operation to aid in the work by subscribing and procuring subscribers for THE WEEKLY POST. Specimen copies sent free on application. Address

JAS. P. BARR & CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

E. J. WATERS, *Justice-of-the-Peace,* has removed to the office recently occupied by Dr. H. H. Plank, on the east side of Centre street, opposite Colonade Row.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, Centre street. [jan.26.-tf.]

New Advertisements.

"WIDE AWAKE & Fast Asleep," a $10.00 pair of superb French Oil Chromos—subjects LIFE SIZE—exquisite fac-similes of Original Oil Paintings, GIVEN AWAY to every subscriber to

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S

GREAT LITERARY, RELIGIOUS, WEEKLY NEWSPAPER. Agents having great success! One took 1,000 names in 3 months; another 672 in 35 days; another 118 in one week; one 47 in one day, and many others equally well, making from $5 and $10 to $40 per day. Takes on sight! An old agent who knows, says: "I think it the *best business for canvassers* ever offered. Sorry I did not engage in it sooner." Pays better than any book agency. *A rare chance to make money.*

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.

Intelligent men and women wanted everywhere. If you wish good territory send early for circular and terms! J. B. FORD & CO., 27 Park Place, N. Y.; 11 Bromfield St., Boston; 285 West Madison St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

THE YEAR OF BATTLES!

The History of the War between France and Germany, embracing also Paris under the Commune. 150 Illustrations; 642 pages; price, $2.50; 60,000 copies already sold. The only complete work. Nothing equals it to sell. Making 10,000 copies per month now. In English and German. Terms unequalled. Outfit $1.25. Address H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., 37 Park Row, New York.

WOOD'S Household Magazine is offered free during the coming year to every subscriber of Merry's Museum, the Toledo Blade, Pomeroy's Democrat, &c. which is evidence of its worth and popularity. Horace Greeley, Jas. Parton, Theodore Tilton, Gail Hamilton, etc., write for every number. In clubbing, it offers three first-class periodicals for the price of one of them. A variety of premiums on equally liberal terms. It is an original first-class magazine. Volume X begins with Jan. '72. Three specimen copies free. Address S. S. WOOD, Newburgh, N. Y.

EVERY FARMER

Is invited to send his address and receive Free and Postage Paid a copy of the

American Farm Journal

The most Practical, the Best and Cheapest Illustrated Agricultural paper in the United States. Only 75 cents per year. Send for a specimen copy. Address

MILLER, LOCKE & CO.,
Toledo, Ohio.

Duff's College.

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The CONGRESS ARCTIC.

The BEST winter OVERSHOE! NO BUCKLES to break! NO TROUBLE to put on! Neat, Genteel, Stylish! ASK YOUR SHOE DEALER FOR IT!

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than anything else. Business light and permanent. Particulars free. G. STINSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

$425 A MONTH! Horse furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

AVOID QUACKS!—A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

A CARD.

A Clergyman, while residing in South America as a Missionary, discovered a safe and simple remedy for the Cure of Nervous Weakness, Early Decay, Diseases of the Urinary and Seminal Organs, and the whole train of disorders bro't on by baneful and vicious habits. Great numbers have been cured by this noble remedy. Prompted by a desire to benefit the afflicted and unfortunate, I will send the recipe for preparing and using this medicine, in a sealed envelope, to any one who needs it, *free of charge.* Address JOS. T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, N. Y. City.

Newspaper Advertising.

A Book of 125 closely printed pages, lately issued, contains a list of the best American Advertising Mediums, giving the names, circulations, and full particulars concerning the leading Daily and Weekly Political and Family Newspapers, together with all those having large circulations, published in the interest of Religion, Agriculture, Literature, &c. Every Advertiser, and every person who contemplates becoming such, will find this book of great value. Mailed free to any address on receipt of 25 cents. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Publishers, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

The Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Leader,* in its issue of May 29, 1870, says: "The firm of G. P. Rowell & Co., which issues this interesting and valuable book, is the largest and best Advertising Agency in the United States, and we can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business scientifically and systematically in such a way: that is, so as to secure the largest amount of publicity for the least expenditure of money."

Geis & Foster,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street.

Johnstown, Pa.

invite the attention of buyers to their large and elegant stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

CONSISTING OF

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,
MILLINERY GOODS, FANCY GOODS,
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &c., &c.,

AT EVERY PRICE!

JOHNSTOWN BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION.—8th September, 1871. Petition of GEORGE W. OSBORN *et. al.* for incorporation of a Building and Loan Association at Johnstown.

No. 10, December Term, 1871.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County. And now, Sept. 6th, 1871. Petition read and Articles of Association perused and examined, which appearing lawful and not injurious to the community, said writings are ordered to be filed and notice of the application for a Charter of Incorporation be given for three successive weeks in the *Cambria Freeman.*

By the Court. J. K. HITE, Proth'y.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 22, 1871.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN KENNEDY, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN KENNEDY, late of Washington township, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and to those holding claims against the same notice is given to present their respective accounts duly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN H. KENNEDY, Administrator.
Hemlock, Nov. 11, 1871.-6t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MARGARET McGOUGH, dec'd.

Whereas Letters of Administration have been granted by the Register of Cambria county to the subscriber on the estate of Margaret McGough, late of Allegheny township, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made immediately, and those holding claims against the same are desired to present them duly probated for settlement. F. O'FRIEL, Adm'r.

Loretto, Nov. 11, 1871.-6t.*

EBENSBURG

FOUNDRY!

J. A. SHOEMAKER,

Manufacturer, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

THRESHING MACHINES,
HORSE POWERS,
WIND MILLS;
PLOWS AND PLOW POINTS,
SHOVEL PLOWS,
CULTIVATORS;

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES

OF EVERY DESIGN AND PRICE;

Church, School and Dinner BELLS

CAST IRON FENCING,

KETTLES, AND CAST HOLLOW WARE

of every description, &c., &c.

ALL WORK WARRANTED!!

☞Special attention paid to the repairing of all kinds of Stoves, Farming Utensils, &c.

All orders promptly attended to. Old metal, grain, etc., taken in exchange for work.

Ebensburg, July 1, 1871.-3m.

REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT

COOKING STOVES,
HEATING STOVES.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE.

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM........................JAS. H. ZAHM.

ZAHM & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

CAMBRIA COUNTY BONDS.—The Commissioners of Cambria County are now prepared to sell to those desiring the same, the BONDS of said county, in sums of $100, $200 and $500. These Bonds are issued by authority of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county, for the purpose of raising money to build the New County Jail, and pay interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum—said interest being payable semi-annually—and are redeemable at the pleasure of the Commissioners after the 13th day of December, 1874, and payable the 13th day of September, 1881.—Coupons are attached to each Bond for the semi-annual instalments of interest.

Parties desiring to invest in this Loan will please call on the Commissioners at their Office in Ebensburg.

Witness our hands this 15th day of April, A. D. 1871.

MAURICE McNAMARA,
JAMES E. NEASON, } Com'rs.
FRANCIS O'FRIEL,

Attest—J. A. KENNEDY, Clerk. apr. 15.-tf.)

KEYSTONE BOLT WORKS.

HUBLEY, ADAMS & CO.,

No. 5 MARKET Street,

PITTSBURGH, PA.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CARRIAGE AND TIRE BOLTS,
PLOW AND MACHINE BOLTS,
NORWAY CARRIAGE BOLTS,
BRIDGE AND ROOF BOLTS,
SCREW HOOK HINGES,
[9-14.3m.] WAGON BOX STRAPS

JOHN MALIPHANT,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Fresh Fish, Oysters, Vegetables, Fruits, &c.

No. 93 Market Street,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Western Fish, at..............8c. to 10c. per lb
Fresh Shad, at.....................10c. per lb
or 25c. apiece, or four for 1.00.
Extra No. 2 Mackerel, per bbl., at.......$14.00
Extra No. 2 Mackerel, per half bbl., at.......6.75
Extra No. 2 Mackerel, per quarter, at.......3.75
Extra No. 2 Mackerel, per kit, at.......2.00

He also keeps on hand all kinds of Vegetables, Fresh Butter, etc., which he receives daily.

☞Will visit Ebensburg, Carrolltown and Loretto each week during the season.

May 31, 1871.-tf.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

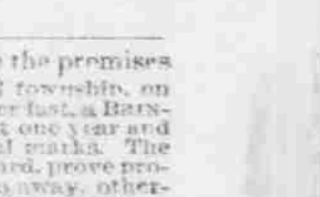
131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor,

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, MANTLES, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

MUSIC! MUSIC!!—The "SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH" will be prepared to give Lessons on the PIANO, MELODEON or CABINET ORGAN at any time after Easter.



☞For terms apply to the Superioress, Sister M. HORTENSE, or to Rev. R. C. CHRISTY. Charges moderate.

Ebensburg, April 1, 1871.-tf.

STRAY BULL.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Carroll township, on or about the middle of September last, a BRINDLE BULL, supposed to be about one year and a half old, but bearing no special marks. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.

JOSEPH KUNTZ.
On Farm late of Jacob Kuntz, dec'd.
Carroll Twp., Nov. 25, 1871.-3t.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS.

Rifles, Double and Single Barrel.

Shot Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition.

Sporting Goods, Rifle Barrels, Locks, Mountings Gun Materials, &c. Send for a Price List. Address J. H. JOHNSTON, *Great Western Gun Works,* 179 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

☞N. B. Army Carbines, Rifles and Revolvers bought or traded for.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. Saddles and Harness made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice and at the most reasonable rates. [3-12.-tf.]

A TERRIBLE STORY.

The Last of the Wisconsin Hamlets that Fought the Hurricane of Fire—Heroes and Cowards.

Ahnapee, Wis., Letter to New York Tribune.

Human annals do not surpass in equal time and space, the immensity and intensity of suffering and death crowded into the meagre epitome of one single hour. The scene of a thriving industry and the home of nearly a hundred people, the place, though isolated from any human vicinity, had maintained a flourishing and tranquil vitality. The shingle mill, with its coadjutant industries, gave employment to the entire people, women and children dividing the easy labor of shingling and binding. There were but four buildings on the clearing—the mill, the general boarding house, a store, and the barn. Economy and convenience, curious to say, had dictated the selection of this remote spot. The timber inexhaustibly covered the place, and it was of unequaled quality; a lazy little stream meandering through the gnarled roots and soft soil offered a supply of water, enough, with artesian wells, to drive the mill machinery. It was cheaper to work the great logs into marketable shape here, where they were right at hand, than establish the mills on the lake or bay and drag the immense timber over miles of wretched roads. The fiery experience of the west shore—of the whole northern Wisconsin—had been the experience of this wood-immersed hamlet. For weeks, incessant, laborious battle had been waged night and day, reliefs of men, and even women, taking turns in the exhausting contest. It was hoped that all danger had been warded off when a wide belt, fully a mile deep, had been burned outward from the clearing. The serenity of assured safety had come upon the people when this black circumvallation was complete—the very night before the calamity. On that fatal Sunday morning the mill operations suspended, and the men who had homes in the neighboring towns of Big and Little Sturgeon made an early start through the woods. When night came some kindly providence detained them, and the massacre was so much less. The night came on tranquilly, the humid air gave grateful promise of coming rain, and the last lingering distrust was banished from the timidest inhabitant. Early in the night most of the little population in the hamlet were in doors or in bed. It was still early when those casually astir outside saw a great glowing light shoot athwart the southern sky, and, spreading rapidly west and northwest, continue with dazzling brilliancy. Presently a slender column of fire shot forward, and, caught by a whirlwind, came plowing through the solid timber toward the mill. By this time the sleepers and all had rushed from the barrack in a wild, clamoring consternation.

Three brothers, Williamson, owned the mill, and had in the colony mother, father, sisters, wives, and children. Hastily charging the women to care for themselves, the brothers set about saving the property if possible. But before the hose could be bro't to bear, the saving of life alone became the stake in the dreadful encounter. The brothers, as proprietors, seem for a time to have been full of calm, brave discretion, and, with the full realization of the sudden danger in the first rush of the tornado, attempted systematic plans of preservation. The women were directed as far as possible to put on men's clothes throughout, as offering less chance for the fire to catch. So far as known, not a woman heeded the advice. Had they done so, their lives might not have been sacrificed on that ignoble pyre. Even if life had not been spared, the most revolting sights of the massacre would have been spared the heart-broken survivors. This was the last shred of coherent conduct among the frightened people. Swift whirling columns of flame had cut through the intervening timber, and fell voraciously on the light frame buildings. The whirlwind lashing the trees into fragments caught the fire in roaring surges, and flung it about in billowy waves among the tree-tops. Slender tongues of fire falling from above played in malevolent currents across the clearing. A desperation of terror filled men, women and children—a terror as natural as fatal, for had common fortitude led the group not a soul need have perished. With one impulse the frantic mass, battling and crowding, rushed to the potato patch. Here a rising ground was crowned by a shallow pit, not six feet around, and hardly, at the deepest part, two feet below the surface of the ground. Men now living, who came almost unscathed through that night of doom, tell how, before the evil time, when the fires were raging, this spot had been fixed on as a place of safety, because, almost in the center of the clearing, with no inflammable matter near, it seemed to promise a breathing in case of general conflagration. There had been constant jocosities and banters about this "center of salvation," and some one actually attempting to enlarge the cavity had been driven off by good natured ridicule. Even as late as Saturday it had been used as a place of refuge notwithstanding, and when the actual danger came, the credulous mass remembered the delusive pit. If that fatal spot had not been, if the whimsical belief had not obtained a firm hold, there is not the slightest doubt but the forty seven that perished would have escaped in the neighboring woods. Into that cramped place, crowding, buffetting, begging, cursing, imploring, praying, shrieking, men, children and women elbowed and fought in the frenzy of a hideous desperation and terror. Not large enough to admit a dozen by the closest packing, nearly fifty wrestled and crowded in and about the fatal spot. With ostrich instinct, in the abjectness of their unreasoning fear, men plowed their burning heads under the living pyre. An inextricable pyramid of bodies, in all sorts of conceivable postures, stood in the flame-swept place.

There were a few in this awful time that observed an amazing equanimity. The engineer of the mill, Byron Merrill, a young fellow of marked character and intelligence, battled resolutely till the last chance to save his employers' property, and only when the futility of the effort and the danger to life became obvious was his self-imposed duty resigned. A bit of romance tinges the glaring picture. His sweetheart was a relative of the mill owners, Miss Maggie Williamson, a girl, it is said, of rare beauty and attraction. The young fellow, bright and cultured beyond his kind, regarded with favor and affection for many a mile around, had won her heart, and the two were to have been married. The girl, with her kindred, had fled to the potato patch, and here, suffocating with smoke, their garments in flames, writhing in awful agony, the young fellow found the chief part of the people. He tried to scatter the infatuated group; with his hat pressed closely over his mouth and nostrils, he directed the group to break and take shelter in the edge of the timber. Hopeless! The roar of the hurricane, even the blood-curdling shrieks of the sufferers drowned his voice. He tried by main force to tear the hideous mass asunder, but the strength of a giant could not have broken the maddened clutch of the wretched sufferers. The group was immovably fixed to the fatal spot, and rose from burning sand a fiery Laocoon struggling with the coiling flames. Merrill, hastily fetching wetted blankets, threw them over the nearest sufferers, meantime shouting for them to break for the timber, not twenty steps away. Useless. With the skin hanging in shreds upon his hands and forehead, he carried water and dashed it on the infatuated group, while the ignoble crowding went on madly among the swiftly roasting crowd. The tumultuous struggle had been from the first a loathsome, unreasoning fear. A moment's coolness, a moment's cessation of the frightful efforts to wedge downward, would have given life to all. The time came, however, when the faithful Merrill, stripped almost of clothing, and burned beyond recognition, had to give up the heroic effort, and, plunging through the darting flame, dashed his burning body in the well. Earlier in the catastrophe a half dozen heavy sleepers had found tardiness a salvation from the potato patch, and they darted into the timber belt, which had been carefully burned out long ago to keep the fire from the houses. Here, prone on the ground, they protected themselves, while the mad crowd, not ten yards away, roasted in their blindness.

The falling trees could be guarded against, but nothing could save from the encompassing fire in the clearings. One came, too, whose frail chance of life the meanest creature struggling in that hot pit would not have refused, an old, tottering, half blind, trembling woman, mother to the owners of the mill. She must have been forgotten in the first rush, for when she came toward the potato patch it was filled with a swarming crowd thrown prone upon their faces in the shallow depths of the potato pit. Seven of her kindred writhed in that hideous knot. Passing on with decrepid step, the venerable mother, whose eighty-four years had not worn out coolness and discretion, came upon a great boulder near the edge of the timber. Climbing on this, although half suffocated, she covered her head with her skirts, and with clothes carefully tucked up from the running flames, kept for hours on the back of this unique salamander. The only son that came out of the fire with his life, it is said, did not forget his duty, and aided his mother to this forlorn refuge. Be that as it may, with a thick blanket well wetted over her body and her skirts out of reach of the hot incendiary sand, the brave old lady perched on that rock through the long night of agony, every shriek of her roasting kindred splitting her ears, and their burning bodies almost within reach of her helpless arms. Twice through the night she received succor, once from her son, who came up and wetted her covering, and once from the barn-master, Bush, who also bathed her head and gave her fresh water to drink. Thro' the whole unspeakable tragedy of piteous cowardice ran this vein of simple fortitude and heroic endurance.

The mill blacksmith, Michael Adams, stands out as though of almost antique mold. He was a man of gigantic figure and grave, rough reserve. When the danger came, he gathered his three children and his baby in his great strong arms, and with his wife strode to the center of the clearing, where he calmly placed them on wetted blankets, and covering them with his coat, quietly brought water in buckets and saturated the frail protection. The flames hissed and roared about him, but he never desisted. Resisting the hot torrents with wonderful endurance, and even when his hair was ablaze, his hands fleshless, and the coals eating into his flesh, he continued his efforts for wife and child. The young engineer and the barn-master shouted to him to fly to the woods. He seemed to hear them, but, calmly shaking his head, firmly remained at his post. As his strength and sight began to fail, he looked with unutterable yearning toward the hopeless group at his feet, then glanced anxiously toward the wood. Whether he saw that there was the better chance of safety can never be known, for he reeled suddenly and dropped like shot in his tracks. When help came to that group the next day an unscarred baby lay in the arms of its dead mother, the father's arm about both. They were, of course, all dead, but the father alone, with one arm burned off, was unrecognizable, save by his giant frame. Even the dog that howled, smothering in the hot air and kept in an ecstacy of restless motion to prevent being roasted on the hot sands, seemed to be impressed by this man's devotion. Wagging delirious inquiry with his tail, and interjecting sharp barks, he seemed to plead with his obdurate master. Hopeless of recognition, then he would poke his nose under the wet blankets, and, after a thorough cooling, emerge dejectedly, as though deprecating the weakness while his master stood exposed. Sands growing hotter and hotter, the forbearing brute made for the woods, but in mid-career, and almost in the performance of a jig—his legs were kept moving so briskly to keep his from burning—he turned longingly, as if reminding the man that this was to safety. No heed was paid him, and with painful limbs and piteous whines he returned, and settling his feet on the blanket, stared eagerly at his master. His poor singed body was found in that attitude of love and duty.

At the well, which stood nearest the house, a wretched group had taken refuge—not only at, but in it. Six people flung themselves into this last resort, counting confidently on it as a place of security. Finally, when crippled by the fire and exhausted by his long efforts, the young man Merrill threw himself into that crowded pit also, the place was packed. Even here his presence of mind was all that saved a life where life had very little chance. The frail wooden curbing above the mouth had taken fire and the flames began to run downward fiercely. The paralyzed group dared not put out their heads, lest the flames would smother them. But Merrill, without a moment's hesitation, uprose and flung the dangerous thing away, and the barn-master, hovering about the edge of the woods, presently refreshed the smothered victims by a bucketful of water. The well was, notwithstanding, a place of death. The flames, sweeping savagely over the clearing, lurched and spit down hatefully into the crowded pit, and soon the steady blaze from within indicated the fate of its inmates. Merrill still held his mind, and resisted the flames. In this he was aided by Bush, who helped him to his final deliverance, and aided all who would listen to him manfully, and to him the few that were saved in a large measure owe their lives. He brought water from the creek to aid the group on the potato patch, and kept the sheltering blankets saturated as long as he dared venture inside the line of fire. It must not be supposed that outside the clearing stretched a solitude of safety. On the contrary, the ceaseless explosions of breaking trunks and splintered branches were so terrific, mingled with volumes of fire in the tree tops, that the great part of the people preferred to risk the dangers of the open ground. But the thick wood had its security, and with care the people that lay down near the edge found themselves, when the frightful morning came, substantially uninjured.

Here the climax comes: the tragedy is complete in one terrific picture; the light of the new day revealed only the machinery of the horrid masterpiece. The red glare of night had changed into bleak dawn, and the bleak dawn had changed into high noon before a helpful hand broke into the black Golgotha. The barn-master, Bush, when silence had fallen upon the place, an hour or two before dawn, took horse and attempted to make his way to Little Sturgeon; as well try to pass through a stone wall. Leaving his horse behind, he struggled, by the bright light of the burning pines, and, after incalculable trouble in the way and out of the way, some time about daylight he came upon the ruins of a lumberman's cabin, which by the regular path was not more than two miles from the mill. He had been hours in reaching it, and, worn out by the labors and agony of the night, he sat down to rest. Presently the owner came, and together the two men started back to the settlement. They came first to the well. Merrill, apparently quite dead, was taken out first. Six more after, all dead, save a child, crowded below its mother, at the bottom. Merrill soon gave feeble evidence of life, and was cared for at once. Bush ran to the stone to aid the old woman; the blankets were rolled away. The stone was bare, and no vestige of Mrs. Williams could be found. Then they came upon the pit. An indistinguishable heap of arms, legs and bodies, perfectly still and wholly naked, was all that remained of the mass that came there in abundant life a few hours before. They were all dead, and a few of them recognizable. Seven Williamsons perished in the group, among others the young girl, whose long black hair was found clutched in masses in her uncharred hands.

The darkness of a new night threw a pitying vail over the scene when the first relief from the outside had succeeded in cutting a way through. The work of burial began next morning, and fifty-nine were accounted for in the fatal clearing. The venerable mother was found on the road to Big Sturgeon the day after her terrible exposure, very feeble and worn out. She was tenderly cared for, and is in a fair way to regain what she can count but little—her health. One son out of three was spared. Her husband laid his gray hairs in the terrible holocaust; her whole kindred passed away in the ravages of that deadly night. To this day the woods are not clear of their dead.—Bodies in every stage of decay are constantly brought in by the committees, and until that is ended the grand total can only be a matter of conjecture.

An Exciting Railroad Race.—The Richfield Springs correspondent of the Utica *Herald* tells the following as having occurred week before last:

Four freight cars, heavily laden with lumber and merchandise, had been brought up to the junction near Cassville by a coal train. They were carelessly uncoupled on a grade of eighty-five feet to the mile, and immediately began backing toward Utica. They gained momentum at a fearful rate, and all efforts to stop them by throwing rails and other obstructions upon the track were ineffective. A train had left for Utica but eight minutes before, and every one was well aware that the heavy freight cars would in a few moments go crashing into its rear. Fortunately the engine of the coal train stood on a switch, and Engineer Ferrill at once determined to give the flying cars a chase. All hands mount to the post of duty, the signal is given, and a fearful race is begun. There is awful danger ahead, for if the workmen should have the rails up, or the flying cars themselves should leave the track, every man would be in eternity in an instant. Mile after mile the chase is kept up, and the locomotive gains inch by inch.

At last the fugitives are overtaken; the critical moment has come. A mistake, and all is over; the flying cars will only be hastened in their flight by the collision: But the fireman and brakeman are reaching down from the rear of the tender, one with the draw bar and one with the coupling-pin. The cars touch; the draw bar, skilfully guided enters the socket and the pin drops to its place. The danger is over, the speed gradually checked, and in a few minutes the engine and the rescued cars are again climbing the hill to Cassville. The deed of the engineer and his faithful assistants was one of true heroism and will long be remembered by those in the crowded passenger train, which was but a few hundred feet in advance of them, and whose lives they saved at the imminent risk of their own.

"Little Floy."—"I was much touched," says a correspondent writing from the ruins of Peshtigo, "with the story of Joseph Lasure. He was a farmer in the Bush, with a wife and five children. They had fought to the last, and left only when the flames flashed clean over their building. Lasure carried his three year old boy, and his wife a babe. All kept together, with the flames striking them at every step for thirty rods. The wife could go no farther, and dropped with her stifled babe in her arms. The father had now to drop his little three year old, who was picked up in turn by the elder boy of thirteen. The brave boy carried the little fellow for nearly a quarter of a mile, when both sank down together. Little Floy, nine years old, and their only girl, stood it the smartest of all, and kept ahead of her father for half a mile, cheering him on with brave words, when all the rest had perished. She had now to pass over burning grass, when her dress was enveloped in flames. 'Oh, if I could only have saved that girl!' said the grief-choked father, and his story was ended. A young lad, next neighbor to Lasure, who was saved, had much to tell of little Floy. She was the smartest scholar at school. She read finely in the fifth reader, and could spell down all the scholars; she was small of size, exceedingly bright, beautiful, active and sweet tempered. All the living in Sugar Bush will remember long and speak tenderly of the little heroine."

A Certain Cure for Earache.—As soon as any soreness is felt in the ear, let three or four drops of tincture of arnica be poured in and then the orifice filled with a little cotton to exclude the air; and in a short time the uneasiness is forgotten. If the arnica is not resorted to until there is actual pain the cure may not be so speedy, but it is just as certain. If one application of the arnica does not effect a cure, it will be necessary to repeat, it may be, several times. It is a sure preventive for gathering in the ear, which is the usual cause of earache.

We have never yet known any harm or serious inconvenience to attend this use of arnica; yet if the spirits with which it is made are very strong, it may be diluted with a little water, as the spirits—not the arnica—will sometimes cause a temporary dizziness of the head, which is unpleasant.

Sore Eyes.—The following recipe for the cure of sore eyes is given: "Take a potato, and after quartering it, grate the heart as fine as possible and place the grated potato between two pieces of cambric muslin; then put the poultice over the eyes inflamed and keep it there fifteen minutes, and a perfect cure ensues." It is worth trying by those afflicted with sore eyes. It is also strongly recommended for burns.

1871. Fall Trade. 1871.

I am now prepared to offer
SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS
TO CASH PURCHASERS OF
TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE.
EITHER AT
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of
Tin, Sheet-Iron,
COPPER AND BRASS WARES,
ENAMELLED AND PLAIN
SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS, &c.,
COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spear's Anti-Dust
HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,
EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES.
NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES.

And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices.—Odd Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,
all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I would call particular attention to the Light House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS
of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to
Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,
at lowest possible rates.

Wholesale Merchants' Lists
now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person

Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY.
Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

Great Reduction in Prices
TO CASH CUSTOMERS!
AT THE EBENSBURG
HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves*, of the most popular kinds; *Tinware* of every description, of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shoe Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Odd Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery Ware* of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,
such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pearl Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

☞ *House Spouting* made, painted and put up at low rates for *cash*. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale.
GEO. HUNTLEY
Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1867.-tf.

GEORGE W. YEAGER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
HEATING AND COOK STOVES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,
And GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING
and all other work in his line.
Virginia Street, near Caroline Street
ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS!
BOOTS AND SHOES
For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.
JOHN D. THOMAS.
Ebensburg, April 28, 1869.

THOMAS CARLAND,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE,
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,
STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,
FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,
BACON, FLOUR,
FEED AND PROVISIONS,
1323 Eleventh Avenue,
Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.
THOMAS CARLAND.
Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND
COME and SEE!
GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS
FOR THE READY CASH!

HAVING become proprietors of the STORE ROOM and STOCK OF GOODS recently belonging to H. A. Shoemaker & Co., and having purchased an additional

STOCK OF NEW GOODS
IN GREAT VARIETY,
we are now prepared to supply all the old customers of the late firm, and as many new ones as will patronize us, with Goods of all kinds at

PRICES FULLY AS LOW
as any other merchant in or out of Cambria county. It is our intention to keep our Store constantly stocked with a full and well selected assortment of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FURNITURE, OIL CLOTHS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, CIGARS, and all other articles, large or small, that can be found in any store of like character in the county; and as we intend to

SELL EXCLUSIVELY for CASH
OR COUNTRY PRODUCE,
and make no bad debts, we feel sure that our stock and our prices will not only secure but retain for us a liberal share of patronage.

EARLY VISITS FROM ONE AND ALL
are respectfully solicited, and if we fail to render entire satisfaction, both as regards the quality of our goods and the prices asked for them, it will certainly be no fault of the new firm at the old stand of Shoemaker & Co., High street. Don't forget to call and we'll not forget to give you full value for your money.
MYERS & LLOYD.
Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1871.-tf.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,
WASHINGTON STREET,
Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY GOODS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,
PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,
Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.
WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

EBENSBURG
DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.;
CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,
Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail.
LEMMON & MURRAY.
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

AUCTION! AUCTION!

HAVING been commissioned by Governor Geary to act as *AUCTIONEER* in and for the Borough of Ebensburg, I am now prepared to receive and sell at Public auction all kinds of Goods, Wares, Merchandise, &c., and also attend to the duties of auctioneer at all sales of Lands, Tenements, Live Stock, Household Furniture, &c., &c., within the limits of said Borough. *Terms moderate.* Inquire at No. 100 High Street.
M. L. OATMAN,
Ebensburg, April 22, 1871.-tf.

LORETTO MARBLE WORKS.
PRICES REDUCED!
And Work Warranted!

MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS, made of the finest Italian Marble and in style of workmanship not surpassed by any manufacturer. Give me a call before deciding upon purchasing or ordering work elsewhere.
JAMES WILKINSON.
Loretto, April 22, 1871.-tf.

DR. H. B. MILLER,
Altoona, Pa.,
Operative and Mechanical DENTIST

Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills.
ALL WORK WARRANTED. [Jan. 21, 1869.-tf.

JOHN P. LINTON, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in building south-west corner of Main and Franklin streets, second story. Entrance on Franklin street.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.
WM. P. PATTON,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
—ALL KINDS OF—
CABINET FURNITURE
Nos. 150 and 152 Clinton Street,
JOHNSTOWN, P.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.,	&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE
made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and Chairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge.
WM. P. PATTON.
Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

EXCURSION TICKET!

GOOD FOR NINETY DAYS.
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.
EBENSBURG TO SAN FRANCISCO,
AND RETURN.

☞ The person holding this Ticket is entitled to one First-Class passage, on foot or horseback, to San Francisco and return, provided said person's Photograph is first taken at
SPENCE'S GALLERY,
HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.

EXCURSION TICKET!

Andrew Moses,
DRAPER & TAILOR,
1 CLINTON 0 STREET 4
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

JAMES F. MILLIKEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

Special attention given to the collection of claims in Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon, Bedford, Centre and Clearfield counties.

Parties wishing to purchase, rent, lease, sell or exchange real estate will find it greatly to their interests to call on or address me.

☞ Correspondence in either English or German solicited.

References—Wm. Mann, Esq., Messrs. Morgan, Bush & Co., Gen'l C. H. T. Collis, Philadelphia; Messrs. J. T. Way & Bro., W. M. Gormley, Esq., H. B. Swoope, Esq., Pittsburg; Hon. John Scott, Huntingdon; Hon. S. S. Blair, Hollidaysburg; Hon. B. F. Rose, Altoona; D. W. Woods, Esq., Lewistown; Cyrus Elder, Esq., Johnstown; Wm. P. Wilson, Esq., Bellefonte. [1-12.-1y.]

REAL ESTATE AGENCY
—OF—
GEO. W. OATMAN & CO.
Office in Colonade Row.

Several parties wish to secure Houses in Ebensburg at fair rents.
Houses and Lots are for rent on fair terms.
Give us a description and price of what you have for rent.
Let us know what kind of a House or House and Lot you wish to secure as a tenant.
Have you *REAL or PERSONAL PROPERTY* you wish to sell, or do you wish to buy?
COME AND SEE US AT ONCE
☞ Our terms are reasonable for all services relative to above matters. See "Real Estate Gazette." GEO. W. OATMAN & CO.
Ebensburg, Feb. 4, 1871.-tf.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., tenders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one door south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1867.

W. W. JAMISON, M. D.,
Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa.,
Tenders his professional services to all citizens of the above place and vicinity who may at any time stand in need of Medical aid. [apr.21.-tf.]

LEMMON & PLANK,
Practising Physicians,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office in rear of Lemmon & Murray's Drug and Book Store, High street. [Jul27.-6m.]

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. Bunn, Dealer in *Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c.* Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House," Ebensburg, Pa.
October 17, 1867.-6m.*

F. P. TIERNEY..........JAMES NULL.
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE
—OF—
TIERNEY & NULL,
Colonade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.
☞ Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [3-18-'71.-tf.]

C. W. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Office, No. 198 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa., two doors North of Frazer's Drug Store. Will attend promptly to all manner of legal business that may be entrusted to him.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug.27.]

WM. H. SECHLER, Attorney-at-Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Thos. Lloyd's new building, one door north of Colonade Row, Centre street.

F. A. SHOEMAKER..........GEO. A. BERRY.
SHOEMAKER & BERRY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
March 11, 1871. EBENSBURG, PA.

GEO. W. OATMAN & CO., Attorneys-at-Law, Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. The collection of notes and bills, whether due or past due, will receive prompt attention

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T. R. SCANLAN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa. All manner of legal business attended to promptly and carefully. Collections a specialty.

T. W. DICK, Attorney-at-Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row.—All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

J. S. OGDEN, Justice of the Peace, Johnstown, Pa. Office on Iron street, between the Conemaugh Bridge and Pa. R. R. Depot. Collections and all business intrusted to him will be promptly attended to. [3-11.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney-at-Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, Centre street. [Jan.30.-tf.]

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of **Scrofula,** and all scrofulous diseases, **Ulcers, Eruptions,** and eruptive disorders of the skin, **Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm,** and internal **Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver.** It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as **Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility,** and **Leucorrhœa,** when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS.

NATURE'S
HAIR RESTORATIVE
TRADE MARK. PATENTED.

Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT,—desideratums LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headache, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

Dr. G. SMITH, Patentee, Ayer, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for *NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE*, and take no other.

☞ Send two three cent stamps to PROCTER BROTHERS for a "Treatise on the Human Hair." The information it contains is worth $500 to any person.

☞ For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Druggists, &c., Ebensburg, Pa. [June 3, '71.-1y.]

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the FOURTH MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.
Aug. 13. SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

$425 A MONTH! Horse furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.